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DECEMBER 20, 1975 50 cents

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LETTERS

art and activism

El Paso, Texas

Although on the whole I found the article "The Latin American Disease: From the Novels of Vargas Llosa" by Penny Lernoux [*The Nation*, Nov. 22] to be interesting and deeply important, there were . . . statements with which I took exception. Among the most personally disturbing of these was the judgment that Marquez's *El Otono del Patriarca* is a "suffocating 271-page harangue against Latin American dictatorships and foreign capitalism, Joycean in its gargantuan paragraphs and with none of the charm or imaginative plot of *One Hundred Years of Solitude*." Such a dismissal of the long-awaited major novel of one of the world's outstanding novelists seems totally unreasonable especially when paired with . . . an implied accusation that Marquez is now just a crude propagandist. . . .

The "point" of the entire mention of Marquez seemed to be that he is more of a political activist now than a writer, and that he should shuck politics altogether if he wishes to continue to be considered an important Latin American literary figure. Such a statement is ridiculous and would undoubtedly be most criticized by Vargas Llosa himself. *Charles Haddox*

views on Marx

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Holy dialectic! *The Nation*—"*The Nation* comes in first . . . and the others follow"—has sure backed a winner this time.

I am referring to the review by Bernard Johnpoll [Nov. 15] in which he gave us his illuminating views on Karl Marx. "He was at bottom a philosopher who dabbled in economics . . ." (*Capital*?) "and politics" (The First International?). His followers, who insist on associating Marx's writings with the vulgar concerns of economics and politics (not the lofty spiritual ideals of Johnpoll), have lost touch with this "humanistic thinker searching for the causes of the human condition," this man whose basic ideal "is a Utopia in which man is no longer alienated from himself."

Among those who have strayed from the Utopian idealism of the patron saint, we should (regretfully) have to include none other than Marx and Engels themselves. For it was they who had the temerity to write, three and a half years before the elder statesman's death, that "for almost forty years we have emphasized that class struggle is the immediate driving power of history . . . that the class struggle between bourgeoisie and proletariat is the great lever of the modern social revolution." *Stephen E. Harris*

try again

Austin, Texas

American interference in the internal affairs of other nations. . . has bedeviled the nations of the world for many years. The references to this phenomenon in David Edwards's "Italy and the Ironies of Détente" [*The Nation*, Oct. 25] only update it.

Three decades ago, it was manifest during the 1946 Presidential election campaign in Argentina, one which the then "villain," Juan Peron, won handily. Though perhaps grounded in a different international context, the situation in its domestic aspects was similar to that of Italy. In this instance, the U.S. Department of State took the side of the Union Democratica, a bizarre coalition composed of groups ranging from the rightist landowners of the deposed oligarchy, through the middle-class Radical Party, to the "leftist" Socialist and even Communist Parties. . . . Indeed, the U.S. Ambassador to Argentina, Spruille Braden, campaigned so intensely for the forces of the Union Democratica that the central campaign slogan for Peron became "Braden o Peron.". . .Needless to say, the nationalist sentiments of the populace were aroused to the point of boiling over; Peron won the election easily. U.S. policy faltered again, due to an attempt to graft international hostilities onto a poorly understood domestic situation.

Presidential Candidate Reagan has declared that he believes the United States has a "right" to interfere in the internal affairs of another country in the interest of the "freedom" of that nation's citizenry. If at first you don't succeed. . . . *K. Wayne Wincey*

EDITORIALS

'The Best Hope'?

A chronic anxiety now for thirty years, nuclear holocaust, has become a repressed element of the world consciousness, breaking through to awareness only occasionally and then seldom with the vividness its ultimate dangers should command. An utterly false confidence seems to prevail regarding nuclear warfare. Never in the last ten years has there been less discussion of it, less interest in it, less political agitation concerning it. Yet never since cold-war tensions began to ease has there been a greater chance that the bomb just might be set off.

This false confidence has its specific roots in détente, in reports of the increasing destructiveness of weapons (hence, we'd all like to hope, their increasing disutility) and in the widespread belief that nuclear war is everywhere "unthinkable"—which helps to make it not thought about. Yet even though former Defense Secretary Schlesinger, whose stubborn habit it was to refuse to rule out American nuclear action, has been dismissed from the administration, there is good cause to reinitiate national and worldwide thinking about the potential for nuclear calamity.

Nonproliferation agreements have been neither universal in their lists of signatories nor always followed by those who have compacted to limit the spread of nuclear materials. By 1985, Fred Ikle of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency told Alan L. Otten of *The Wall Street Journal*, "the spread of nuclear reactors will likely see some forty countries in the possession of enough plutonium for a few nuclear weapons." Of the forty, Ikle said, all but five will have the material for a few dozen bombs. And while the connection is not automatic, Ikle warned that "peaceful nuclear technology provides the means as well as the cover for acquiring the nuclear bomb."

The prospect of nuclear capability by Middle East nations, by South Africa, South Korea or Pakistan, is more than a bit unsettling. "We will not be able to regulate nuclear weapons around the world in 1999 any better than we can control the Saturday-night special, heroin or pornography today," Otten quotes Thomas Schelling of Harvard as saying. "We will be coping with something that might well be not any international conflict, but the worldwide equivalent of banditry, hijacking and bank robbing."

Schelling spoke at a discussion among arms control experts from Harvard and M.I.T., reported in the current issue of *Harvard Magazine*. Among the participants was George Kistiakowsky, once a science adviser to President Eisenhower, who pronounced what may be the most chilling warning: "The probability of a nuclear war occurring in any twelve-month period ahead is actually increasing," he said. "Arms races usually end up in wars."

Accidents can occur, and already have on a relatively low scale. Soldiers who are given arms inevitably itch to try their power. An ominous segment on CBS's *60 Minutes* this month showed 25-year-old Americans, crew-cut and psychologically screened, sitting in their underground stations waiting for the doomsday phone to ring. Each was armed with a revolver, instructed to study his colleagues for signs of crack-up . . . and to shoot if necessary. Then, too, there is that American plane, endlessly circling the

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skies with a four-star general and full staff aboard, ready to take command if the nation's system for making nuclear war malfunctions.

The world is perpetually on the brink. "Those of us who were mildly optimistic . . . have become pessimists, and those of us who were pessimistic . . . have become much more so," Schelling says. Matters have reached the point that George Rathjens of M.I.T. suggests the only way to avoid large-scale nuclear war may be to have a small one. "Perhaps our best hope is that we will learn a lesson from the first major disaster, so that our complacency will not lead us to many more such wars before the century is over." Only Strangelove could top it. Sartre put it well: "Everything we see and experience impels us to say, 'this can't last.' And yet change is not even conceivable, except in the form of cataclysm."

No Meaningful Change

Such is the way Rep. Jonathan Bingham, chairman of the Subcommittee on International Trade and Commerce, characterizes the State Department's recently announced willingness to approve, on a case-by-case basis, "private humanitarian assistance" to Vietnam. Concessions to sanity from the State Department are so rare these days that even this crumb of decency must be gratefully acknowledged, but the larger problem remains: the Department seems not to have heard that the war is over. In effect, the United States still maintains a near-total trade ban, with two main prongs: a freeze on Vietnamese assets held by banks in this country (under the Trading With the Enemy Act) and export controls based on the Export Administration Act of 1969.

Why the embargo? State Department spokesmen say that "no policy is irreversible" and that it is operating on a wait-and-see basis. But as Representative Bingham notes, "policies develop strong inertia"; the longer mistaken policies are adhered to the more difficult they are to change—witness U.S. policy toward China. The current embargo policy toward Vietnam rests on a number of false assumptions or myths: (*1*) That embargoes impose real hardships. This may once have been true but it is true no longer; the United States is not the sole world source of goods and services the Vietnamese might want to purchase. Moreover, whatever hardship the embargo may impose falls primarily on the South Vietnamese, not those in the North. (*2*) Embargoes can assure payment for expropriated American assets. Not so. It was not true in the case of Cuba or in the case of China. In fact, countries that refrained from imposing an embargo against Cuba have been able, in some cases, to reach claims settlements. (*3*) It is said that embargoes prevent the embargoed nation from enjoying the fruits of U.S. production, but just now Vietnam probably lacks funds to make purchases here even if the embargo had not been imposed.

A case of a sort can be made for the freeze on assets, since by some estimates Vietnamese funds held by this country are nearly sufficient to compensate American firms for their losses. But the embargo—if not the freeze—is stupid and unrealistic. Representative Bingham notes that the American Chamber of Commerce in Hong Kong and the American Business Council in Singapore would

IN THIS ISSUE

December 20, 1975

EDITORIALS

642

ARTICLES

646 Corporate Advertising: Who Pays for the Image? — *Joseph J. Seldin*

649 Bangkok & the Insurgents — *Neil Kelly*

651 Olympic Superdome: Montreal Goes for Broke — *Desmond Smith*

654 Daniel Patrick Moynihan: The Mask of Liberalism — *Paul Good*

659 Posse Comitatus: Every Man a Sheriff — *Gerald Haslam*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

661 Raymond Chandler's Los Angeles — *Tom S. Reck*

662 Leaves (poem) — *Jane Hayman*

663 Bredsdorff: Hans Christian Andersen — *Robert K. Morris*

664 The Darkest Dream (poem) — *M.L. Rosenthal*

665 Feuer: Einstein and the Generations of Science — *Martin Lebowitz*

666 Architecture — *Jane Holtz Kay*

670 Art — *Lawrence Alloway*

670 Gogol's Coat (poem) — *Philip Schultz*

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643
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like to see it lifted and support his measure, H.R. 9503, which would do so. Ending the embargo would be a first step toward U.S.-Vietnamese reconciliation. It makes sense on both humanitarian and economic grounds and would be interpreted as an augury of better days ahead in the Pacific Basin.

EPA: The First Five Years

Five years have passed since President Nixon yielded to growing ecological concern and by Executive Order created the Environmental Protection Agency. Evaluating the EPA's record since then is a complex undertaking, for while no other federal agency has done more to improve the quality of the environment, the EPA has failed in some respects to be a vigorous, unwavering advocate of environmental protection.

For EPA has had two masters—the Congress and the administration. As enforcer of Congressional law, the agency has done much—though not all it could have—to clean the nation's water and air. The health of Lake Erie, the Willamette River in Oregon and Escambia Bay in Florida, to name just a few, have all improved radically since 1970—and for that the EPA deserves much credit. Automobile emissions are now federally controlled—and to the degree that they have become less noxious, the EPA is to be praised. DDT, aldrin and dieldrin have been banned—and though their prohibition came years later than dispassionate prudence dictated, their removal from the list of acceptable pesticides is something for which generations to come will thank the EPA. Commendable, too, has been the agency's tentative recommendation that the Department of Transportation forbid supersonic jets to use New York City's and possibly Washington's airports.

Though its environmentalist critics validly charge that EPA has been less than fully vigorous in its enforcement of Congressional law—air and water quality deadlines have been postponed and missed—the fault has not necessarily been that of the agency's succession of directors and employees. Even more than the federal regulatory commissions—which are symbolically independent of the White House—the EPA has been forced to operate within a framework set by the Nixon and Ford administrations, and their commitment to ecological concerns has been less than overriding. Nixon's impoundment of water improvement funds was emblematic. And the EPA has tended to follow the administration's pro-business line in its failure to urge Congress to adopt tough environmental standards and initiate comprehensive federal recycling.

Pro-business lobbying and influence have been a fact of EPA's life—as well as a tempering counterweight to Congress's most environmentally conscious members. American business interests have for the most part been shortsighted in their willingness to risk environmental hazards in return for continued profit. The EPA has not sufficiently fought that position in practice, though it often has in its rhetoric.

On the agency's fifth anniversary the temptation both to overvalue and undervalue its contribution must be avoided. Gladwin Hill, writing in *The New York Times*, quotes, for example, the comment of EPA Deputy Director John M. Quarles Jr.: "We're over the hump on the most obvious environmental problems that confronted the country five years ago." Residents of Los Angeles and the New York area, who still must breathe unhealthy and unpleasant air, would disagree. So would Americans who see the continued—though perhaps reduced—ravaging of the nation's environmental treasures by both private and public interests. For these and for appropriately militant environmentalists, the EPA has failed to do its job. Particularly disappointing has been its refusal to present consistently specific environmental problems in a way to make clear that the nation's entire priority structure must be changed—away from private and toward public transportation, for example—if the environment is to be authentically protected and improved.

At the same time, the EPA has been able to get environmental issues into the press, and thus into public consciousness, as no private group could have done. Its administrators have consistently denounced the pernicious Chamber of Commerce notion that programmatic environmental protection is often too expensive to be worthwhile. Even by its failures, the EPA has crystallized and mobilized opposition, heightening environmental consciousness among those who feel its efforts inadequate. With appropriate Congressional prodding and an administration in 1977 committed to ecological sanity, EPA may yet fulfill its promise.

The Vanik Report

While members of Congress and President Ford wrangle over the specifics of this year's tax legislation, they might do well to take seriously a report that, as Rep. Michael Harrington (D., Mass.) put it, "demonstrates that the 48-per cent corporate tax rate is, in reality, a hoax."

The report, prepared by Rep. Charles Vanik (D., Ohio) and the staff of the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation, notes that in 1974 the average effective federal income tax rate for 110 concerns studied was only 22.6 per cent, less than half the official levy and down from 23.6 per cent in 1973.

For 1974, the report said, eight corporations with profits totaling $844 million paid no federal income tax at all. Another eighteen companies with $5.3 billion in profits paid at an effective rate of less than 10 per cent. At the 48 per cent rate, the twenty-six corporations would have owed $2.95 billion. As it was, they paid only $220 million in federal income taxes.

Such tax evasion is as improper as it is legal; the direct fault lies not with the companies but with the legislators who wrote and approved the loophole-ridden tax laws. Vanik found that the big winners in what he rightly calls this "undue tax favoritism" were oil companies, banking concerns and utilities. The petroleum industry, for example, paid no net U.S. tax on its foreign source income—so valuable to them has been the current foreign tax credit loophole. Commercial banks have been able to lower their effective tax rate from 38.3 per cent in 1961 to 11.7 per cent in 1974. Utilities have benefited from a wide variety of domestic loopholes. Vanik says they hardly need a further break, though an increase in the investment tax credit is proposed.

Vanik's finding that the 110 corporations paid more

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Nation-Progressive Dinner Party

We hope that all our readers who possibly can will attend this outstanding event. *Date*—Tuesday, December 16th; *place*—the Waldorf Astoria, Park Avenue and 50th Street, New York City; *time*—5:45 for the reception, 6:45 for the dinner.

Sponsored by Ralph Nader, who will pay tribute to the two congenial magazines and their editors, the program will also include John Kenneth Galbraith presiding, and talks by Senator Frank Church, journalist Nicholas von Hoffman, cartoonist Herblock and Eleanor Holmes Norton, who heads the New York City Commission on Human Rights. Murray H. Finley, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, is the dinner chairman.

Funds raised from this dinner will be used to enlarge the circulation and increase the readership of our two publications.

Reservations are $100 per person. Checks should be made payable to Nation-Progressive Fund, care of *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. (If you cannot attend the dinner, a contribution to the Fund will be more than welcome.)

Please help us strengthen our voices!

than $13.9 billion to foreign governments and only $8.3 billion to the United States in corporate income taxes reinforces the need for both an overhaul of the corporate tax structure and a comprehensive look into the nature of American multinational corporations—an investigation which should lead to their regulation in the national interest. The tax breaks these multinational concerns now receive is a measure of their power in Congress and the White House. Rather than quibbling over the tax rates of low- and middle-income Americans, the politicians in Washington should be worrying about these billions in lost revenues.

Who the Hell?

Durham, N.H.

The December best-seller in New Hampshire is a book with the unseasonable title, *Who the Hell Is William Loeb?* It comes in cloth and paperback editions, each with a bright red cover and 472 pages of unadorned text. At a shopping center near Manchester, the state's major city, a paperback outlet sold 500 copies in two weeks: "The fastest selling book I've ever been associated with," said the manager. Another store scheduled an autograph party for Kevin Cash, the author, and disposed of one book for every two minutes he was in the building.

In November, when the book was released, the weekly *New Hampshire Times* greeted it with the headline: "Who the Hell Is Kevin Cash?" He is a Manchester native, as it turns out, a newspaperman who began as a copyboy on the local daily before it was bought by William Loeb in 1946. Cash also worked—briefly and unhappily—for the *Union Leader* under the new management. (At the time, he concedes, he had a drinking problem, and he now makes a point of sipping ginger ale at parties in his honor.) Cash went to New York and worked variously, as writer and editor, for the *Herald Tribune*, the *Journal-American* and *The Journal of Commerce*.

By 1972 he was back in New Hampshire, reporting the Presidential primary for *Newsday*. That was the year Edmund Muskie, until then the clear favorite on the Democratic side, lost his composure and apparently broke into tears in front of the *Union Leader* building. It was the turning point for Muskie's campaign, and also for Kevin Cash, who decided to write a book about the publisher who could break a Presidential candidate. "I am a newspaperman," he explains, "and this is a story which should be told."

He expected that he would finish the book in six months. Instead, it required three years of research and writing, and finally the creation of his own publishing house, The Amoskeag Press. (The manuscript was seen by eleven publishers, Cash says, each of whom quickly passed it on to the next.) He retained a law firm to review the manuscript; he hired an editor, a production assistant and an accountant; and he contracted with a Vermont printer to produce the book, which Cash designed "on the block" in the manner of an old-time newspaper editor. The sole stockholder in the Amoskeag Press is Kevin Cash, and he turns aside questions about his finances. "I didn't write this book to make money," he says; "I wrote it so the people of New Hampshire could answer the title question."

What makes William Loeb a subject of such fascination to New Hampshiremen is that he has dominated their journalism for an entire generation, and has made a very good stab at dominating their politics. They have little choice but to accept Loeb's version of events. New Hampshire's geography and demography make it impossible that there should be any other statewide daily but the *Union Leader*, nor any significant competition from the broadcast media.

And what makes this situation important nationally is the fact that these same New Hampshiremen, because of their early primary, have a disproportionate influence in choosing Presidents. It can be persuasively argued, for example, that the *Union Leader* was the shoal upon which the hopes of Edmund Muskie (in 1972) and Nelson Rockefeller (repeatedly) were wrecked.

The traditional adjective for William Loeb is "arch-conservative." In truth he is a Bull Moose Progressive: jingoist, imperialist, trust buster and advocate of the frontier virtues. That is his political philosophy; his ethics, in Cash's portrayal, are starkly different. The book reads like a Russian novel. There are feuds handed down from father to son, pistols on the table, secret marriages, even a mysterious drowning. All of which should have nothing to do with a study of the *Union Leader*'s role in New Hampshire life. Yet if there is anything consistent about William Loeb, Cash demonstrates, it is that the publisher is unable or unwilling to separate his private affairs from his editorial policy. That too is in the Russian tradition. Indeed, as when reading Dostoevsky, one longs for a visual outline, the better to follow the labyrinthine turns of the anti-hero.

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Cash says that he distributed his entire first printing of 10,000 copies to bookstores (almost all of them within New Hampshire) in nine days of November, and that he then ordered 20,000 more. Since the official publication date was December 9, all this was done without the benefit of a single review. As for the Manchester *Union Leader*, it has neither reviewed the book nor mentioned it in any other way, even refusing to accept ads for it. The Associated Press therefore telephoned Loeb at his home in Prides Crossing, Mass. "Any comments that I have," he told the AP, "will be made in court."

Daniel Ford

CORPORATE ADVERTISING

WHO PAYS FOR THE IMAGE?

JOSEPH J. SELDIN

When Herbert Schmertz, a vice president for public affairs at Mobil Oil Corporation, announced in the aftermath of the gasoline shortage that Mobil would spend about $11 million in advertising in 1974—and almost every dollar of it on corporate image campaigns—he expressed a turnabout in advertising spending and advertising goals that prevails today at many of the big oil companies.

In advertising spending, the big year was 1972, when gasoline advertising hit an all-time high, and the six leading oil company advertisers spent an estimated $164 million on promotion. By comparison, these same companies spent an estimated $40 million or less in 1974, a drop of more than 75 per cent, yet they were able at the end of the year to announce sharply increased revenues and high profits. Moreover, market shares among the oil companies seemed relatively stable and to depend more on availability of product and pricing policies than on advertising push.

The curtailed advertising dollars were put to work to deflect the public's accusing finger from the oil companies themselves. According to a Gallup poll, about 45 per cent of the public placed the "energy crisis" first among their everyday concerns, displacing the "cost of living" problem, and about 25 per cent of those polled regarded the oil companies as the chief villain, with the federal government running a close second at 19 per cent.

How effective is image advertising? A recent Federal Trade Commission staff investigation, concluding that "there is general agreement in the business community that image advertising brings long-range economic benefits to a company," urged that the FTC assume jurisdiction and control over certain image advertising. A number of studies were cited to support this recommendation. In one of them, corporate executives in the following percentages saw image advertising as benefiting their companies' product sales (47 per cent), stockholder-financial relations (64 per cent), consumer relations (55 per cent), supplier or business customer relations (46 per cent). In another study, image advertising was found to be even more effective than product advertising in creating a favorable buyer's attitude. An eight-year study (1964-72) conducted for *Time* found that men in upper-income, managerial and professional positions held more favorable opinions about a company simply as a result of exposure to several image advertisements. Specifically, they tended to believe new product claims, to invest in the company's stock, to respect the company's research and development capacities and even to seek employment with the company. Many other studies, all pointing in the same direction, confirmed the effectiveness of image advertising in furthering a company's economic interests.

As employed by the oil companies, image advertising was designed to implant in the public mind their innocence of wrongdoing in the gasoline shortage and "energy crisis," and the reality of their highly developed sense of corporate responsibility. With pollution and other environmental issues rising in public consciousness, the words "corporate responsibility" and "accountability" have become modish in corporate board rooms, if only in plans for advertising and public relations. The industry has had persistent cause to look to its public image. Its latest black eye, an FTC complaint issued in July 1973, charged the eight largest oil companies in the United States with monopoly control over refining. These eight, according to the FTC, had sales in 1972 of more than $54 billion and assets greater than $76 billion.

Naturally, the oil companies saw public image as a pressing concern, particularly in a time of consumer shortages, rising gasoline and oil prices and high corporate profits. For its part, the FTC investigation established the need, in the staff's judgment, for the commission to set up legal standards for corporate image claims "to prevent deception and unfair practices."

As the oil companies' 1974 image campaign got underway, six Congressmen, assisted by Media Access Project, a public-interest law group, petitioned the FTC to require the oil companies (and utilities and electrical appliance makers) to substantiate certain claims in their image advertisements. Citing what they called a corporate ad "blitz" aimed at absolving energy industries from blame for fuel shortages, the Congressmen submitted sixteen energy-issue advertisements which they said were largely indistinguishable from product advertisements, and thus should be brought under the FTC's program for substantiation of claims. Exxon, Shell, American and Mobil were the companies whose TV and print advertisements were singled out for attack.

Objecting to a commercial claiming that Exxon was doing its "best to provide more gasoline," the petitioners charged that Exxon's refining practices were "inadequate

Joseph Seldin is associated with an advertising agency in the New York City area. He is the author of The Golden Fleece (*Macmillan*), *soon to be reissued by Arno Press.*

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to prevent gasoline shortages" and that, in fact, Exxon's "refining production was significantly lower than it had been one year earlier."

Shell was cited for its advertisement on the environmental effect of its offshore drilling platforms in the Gulf of Mexico. Appearing in many newspapers, the advertisement stated: "Today it's possible to catch more than 23 different kinds of fish under our platforms." Readers were deceived, argued the petitioners, into believing that "the presence of oil platforms has led to increased fish yields," which was an "untrue assertion of a cause and effect relationship."

Amoco advertisements were attacked for assuring readers that Amoco was "doing all it could" to solve the gasoline shortage when, "like all major oil companies except Mobil, it had not built a new refinery in five years, and none is at present under construction, even after warnings as early as 1971 that there would soon be a severe shortage of refining capacity."

Mobil's TV commercials, expressing regret that "there's a worldwide shortage of crude oil today," were charged with deception, since "proven world reserves of crude oil," by industry calculations themselves, showed "over 100 years of proven reserves" at the present world consumption rate.

The petitioners called on the FTC not only to require substantiation of the claims in the sixteen image advertisements submitted with the petition but also to adopt rules barring image advertisements from making affirmative misstatements, failing to disclose material facts or making unsubstantiated claims. To allow corporations latitude under the First Amendment right to protected speech, an image advertisement could avoid FTC proscription by carrying the following statement: "This is a political advertisement intended to present this business' views on a controversial issue of public importance."

Aside from political advertisements, however, Sen. Birch Bayh, one of the petitioners, argued, "The function of image advertising is the same as that of product advertising and should be covered by the same standards." He found it "absurd to subject tens of thousands of small businessmen in this country to rules prohibiting false and deceptive ads," while excepting the mulitnational oil companies from the same rules.

A few months later, several public-interest groups—the Consumer Federation of America, the Environmental Action Foundation, Public Interest Communications and Media Access Project—joined fifteen Congressmen to attack the oil companies' image campaign with another tactic. They prepared a counter advertising campaign of six radio and five print messages using the slogan, "Energy should be everybody's business," and urged their use as a public service by broadcasters and newspaper and magazine publishers. Typical of the counter advertisements, created by West Coast professional advertising people, was one that suggested: "Think about how absurd it would be if a few big corporations controlled the world's air supply . . . then think about oil."

The strategy against broadcasters who declined to run counter advertisements, or whose programming was thought to be remiss in covering both sides of the energy controversy, has been to file "fairness doctrine" complaints with the Federal Communications Commission. Many broadcasters did air extensive reports on the energy controversy, with samples of the counter advertisements on network and local TV and radio, though public-interest group spokesmen contended that in many cases the "balance," for purposes of fairness doctrine complaint, was still three or four to one in favor of corporate image messages. The counter advertising campaign provoked a U.S. Chamber of Commerce spokesman to warn the air and print media that they might end up with "a bushel of counter advertising and no paid advertising."

Before 1974 was over, the oil companies had to fend off still another attack, this one based on the contention that most of their image advertisements were really political, and thus not tax-deductible as part of the expense of doing business. As one consumer spokesman argues, the taxpayer now foots half or more of the bill for "every word they put on to monopolize the air time." Another argued that "taxpayers and utility ratepayers have an interest in insuring that millions of our dollars are not spent to subsidize one-sided political propaganda."

This testimony was expressed at a public hearing of the Senate Commerce Committee's environmental subcommittee, chaired by Sen. Philip A. Hart, and supported by the law partner of a former IRS commissioner, who judged fifty-one of ninety-nine advertisements Senator Hart had questioned to be nondeductible. Among them were advertisements by Exxon on why energy was short in the United States, and why the company needed high profits; Gulf advertisements that criticized the role of government regulations in the energy problem; Shell and Texaco advertisements defending high profits as necessary for capital investment. Of the advertisers, Exxon, Texaco, Shell, Gulf and Phillips, plus twelve utility companies and associations, had classified all their advertisements as deductible in replies to Senator Hart.

As a result, the Senator requested an IRS investigation of deductions made by major oil companies and utilities for corporate advertising during the peak of the oil and gasoline shortage. Questioning both the propriety and legality of the deductions, public-interest groups contended that the cost of many corporate image advertisements was not deductible because copy sought to influence legislation favorable to the companies. Corporate spokesmen, contended that the advertisements deducted as legitimate business expenses were either "educational" or expressions of corporate views, which they were entitled to publicize.

For example, Shell's full-page advertisement in 230 newspapers asked: "How in all conscience can anyone call these excess profits?" Texaco's advertisement assured everyone, "We're not holding back anything," and offered charts to show its crude oil on hand, refinery output, gasoline stocks. Mobil's advertisements said its 2 cents-per-gallon average profit was not much, considering "the risks we take."

Mobil also issued a strongly worded free speech defense: "FTC control of product advertising claims can be considered the working of a democracy. Control over the right of companies to express their views on public issues is totalitarian." Contending that business "has serious difficulty" getting its views on TV and radio and in the press, Mobil argued that business was forced to turn "more and

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more to paid advertising to express its views." Should the FTC decide to "control" image advertisements by requiring substantiation or by issuing complaints, "business alone would be denied the right of free speech." Shell's spokesman at Senator Hart's hearings argued that denying tax-deductibility for advertisements that might implicitly relate to legislation would in effect levy an "economic penalty on the business community for expressing its views."

At a meeting of the International Newspaper Advertising Executives, an Exxon spokesman criticized the news media for creating a "credibility gap" by reporting about possible oil industry "windfall profits," and offered the undisguised warning that if the credibility gap widened "it will play heck with our media schedules." *Advertising Age*, irked by the display of arm-twisting, asked editorially how Exxon could be expected to direct its advertising budgets so as to get around the credibility gap, "unless it's skywriting or matchbook covers." However, the trade paper also advised Exxon that "the oil companies, now more than ever, need the support of the media, of Congress and of the public. But by arguing that they are in no way to blame for the energy crisis, that the rest of us just don't understand the true situation, and then threatening to cut off the ad dollar flow, the oil companies are doing a lot to create a great big credibility gap of their own."

Mobil led the oil industry fight for corporate First Amendment rights, contending that any FTC intervention would be an additional restraint on top of hostile network policies, which already prevented the oil companies from giving the public information the oil companies considered important. Mobil found itself largely blocked from convincing the networks to accept its image advertisements. It complained that network clearance officers combed endlessly over advertisements to strike out words and phrases they considered controversial. Curiously, the oil industry in its battle with the networks for air time was in the same bed with the Sierra Club, the Rev. Carl McIntire and Media Access Project, the last-named having gone all the way to the Supreme Court in an unsuccessful attempt to force CBS to sell time to a group of businessmen opposed to the war in Vietnam.

Mobil finally split the networks when NBC accepted an image commercial which CBS and ABC had turned down as controversial. But then, instead of running it on NBC, Mobil chose to use frames from the commercial in a full-page advertisement in newspapers and magazines. Copy in the advertisement charged CBS and ABC with preventing Mobil from exercising its First Amendment right to buy TV time to find out how people felt about offshore drilling. Readers of the advertisement were invited to write comments on that subject and on the broader issue of the two networks' rejection of Mobil's image advertising.

Censors at all three networks worked closely with the oil companies and their advertising agencies, trying to clear copy that would get more advertising dollars away from the print media without leaving the networks vulnerable to formal consumer complaints of imbalance. The dilemma was how to fit the oil companies' often highly partisan copy into the networks' fixed policy of selling time only for product advertising, and confining controversial public issues to news and public affairs programs. The networks believed this policy insured fairness, since conflicting opinions were "balanced" by professional newsmen and editors.

Making the problem more complex, the networks' censors often disagreed with one another on what an advertiser could say under the no-controversy policy. For example, all three networks turned down a Phillips Petroleum animated commercial that stressed the company's tax contributions to the community and the importance of the free enterprise system. But a Mobil commercial dealing with the subject of corporate profits was cleared by CBS, required one revision by NBC, and a number of revisions by ABC. "It's not always the subject," an ABC spokesman said, "as much as the way it's dealt with." Trying to be helpful, an NBC spokesman urged the oil companies not to try in a thirty- or sixty-second commercial to debate the size of the current oil supply, whether there is an overall fuel shortage, who is responsible for the problem or the subject of excessive profits.

As a result of the networks' restrictions, and the ever present threat of consumer complaints to the FCC, the voice of the oil companies has been mainly a print voice. But the situation was unsatisfactory for the oil industry, networks and consumer groups alike. The oil industry could not get the greater part of its image campaign on the networks, from which the American people take most of its news; the networks lost considerable revenue, and consumer groups were similarly frozen out of air time.

"So long as network TV continues to take the arrogant position that it, and it alone, knows what the public should view on public issues," a consumer spokesman said, "we'll be in this perpetual battle—the oil industry because the networks won't take its money, and the environmental and consumer groups because we don't have any money."

Advertising Age saw "many ways for networks to achieve fairness without foreclosing the opportunity to speak through paid time." One way was a "town hall" format, where advocates of different views would have their say. True, there was danger that the advocate with the most money would try to gain disproportionate access to the public, but *Advertising Age* nevertheless urged the networks to open the air to diverse views. Thus far, the networks have not taken up the idea.

IRS responded to Senator Hart's request for an investigation of the oil companies' tax-deducted image campaign by advising that the IRS was "prohibited from disclosing confidential tax information of taxpayers." The agency acknowledged that the IRS Code and regulations prohibited as a tax-deductible business expense "any attempt to influence the general public . . . with respect to legislative matters, elections, or referendums," and advised it would "refer the submitted advertisements to the appropriate district directors for their consideration. . . ." As of today, nothing further has been made public by the IRS.

Fifteen months after the six Congressmen and Media Access Project petitioned the FTC to require the oil companies to substantiate their image claims, and five months after submission by the FTC investigative staff itself of a report recommending such substantiation in certain instances, the FTC decided not to adopt the report as policy. However, the agency warned it did not consider corporate image advertisements on public issues to be

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immune from FTC action if they were "unfair or deceptive" and their commercial effect outweighed First Amendment considerations. FTC sources considered this caveat important, since many companies have taken the position that their corporate image statements are completely protected speech.

Court decisions, as cited in the FTC report, in comparable situations under the First Amendment, involved a close look at the likely effect and appeal of the speech in question. In those cases where the dominant appeal and likely effect of the advertisement was commercial, no First Amendment protection was offered. Contrarily, an advertisement did not lose its First Amendment protection solely because it was a paid advertisement. No mechanical test was available to determine when protected speech lost its protection and when it did not; each case had to be examined individually. But, the report concluded, "It is clear that certain speech is sufficiently related to commercial activities of the advertiser to be subject to the traditional government regulation of commercial activity."

Considering the rapid growth in recent years of image advertising—by oil companies, utilities and other large industries—it is evident that the FTC, IRS and other federal regulatory agencies will be under increasing pressure, from events as well as from consumer groups, to adopt specific guidelines. □

BANGKOK & THE INSURGENTS

NEIL KELLY

Bangkok

New Communist guerrilla activities inside its borders and skirmishes with the Pathet Lao on the Mekong River signify that Thailand faces searching new tests of its ability to survive as an independent, democratic nation. Increased insurgency pressure upon the Bangkok government has been expected since the end of the war in Vietnam, but in fact Communist takeovers in Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia have scarcely touched Thailand except for the problem of 50,000 refugees driven across its borders by the tide of war and its aftermath.

I recently made contact with the Thai insurgents in northeast Thailand, 350 miles from Bangkok in a remote hilly region that the "liberation army" has controlled since it formed there to fight the Japanese invaders thirty-three years ago. Some of today's army are sons and daughters of those who outlawed themselves by taking up arms to resist the Japanese invaders in opposition to their own government, which had chosen to collaborate. Some of the original army, many of them now old men, still live in the jungle. Others, like former Prime Minister Pridi, have spent nearly thirty years in exile in Paris and Peking. Those I met were the younger generation, although their leader claimed to have been fighting for twenty years.

Before the meeting could be arranged I had to promise my guide, who is also an old friend, that I would reveal no locations or identities. That was easy, as I did not know exactly where we were and the only name I knew was my friend's. We were not far from one of the provincial capitals of the northeast, the area that Bangkok regards as presenting the most serious insurgency. The reasons go far back; it is the poorest region of Thailand, the land is less fertile, the climate unpredictable, and the population both poorer and ethnically more mixed.

We had driven from town in a brightly painted mini-bus of the sort that carry passengers all over rural Thailand. It was the only safe vehicle to travel in, my friend explained, as ordinary cars were likely to be shot at. He had told me to wear a colorful shirt, since anything that looked like the army or police might also draw a shot from the Communists who controlled the area at night. It was a nervous start to the evening. I was alone in the passenger compartment. My friend in front had turned off the lights. Rain gusted through the open sides of the bus so heavily that I was unaware of another figure sitting next to my friend until the engine started. We stopped after a few minutes and the newcomer got out and fired two shots from a gun.

We moved on again with undergrowth enclosing us and the little bus lurching and slithering before we ran onto smoother ground and stopped. I could see yellow glimmers from a house and that the man who had joined us on the road was tall, wore dark shirt and trousers and carried an American M16 rifle. He spoke to a man who stood in front of the house, a rifle slung over his shoulder. Then, motioning us to follow, he led off into the dark undergrowth. I saw no sign of life until we moved toward some light, which disclosed a small food shop with tables and chairs, a charcoal cooking stove and several large aluminum cooking pots. A gas lamp threw a bright light.

As we sat down at a table three other men, carrying what appeared to be World War II rifles, emerged from the shadows to join us while a young woman busied herself with glasses of hot tea. One of the men began to speak to me, my friend hesitantly stopping him from time to time to translate his remarks, which went like this:

> Thailand does not need foreigners. Thailand does not need the Americans. They must all go. We have our own army, our own weapons, our own air force. Why does the government have foreigners here? The Americans have been bad for Thailand. The government in Bangkok neglects the poor people who need help. There is too much money in Bangkok and none in the villages. There are no roads, no doctors, no medicines, no water, no schools, sometimes no food.
>
> When soldiers or police come to the villages they do not help but demand food for themselves even when there is none in the village. And the head man of the village has to find girls for them.

Neil Kelly writes from Bangkok for a number of Australian papers and for The Observer, *London. Some of his recent reports on Southeast Asia have appeared in* The Washington Post.

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If thieves steal a buffalo the police do nothing but we chase the thief and get the buffalo back.

There is no doctor when people are sick. We have doctors and medicines and we help the sick people. We have stopped the people using opium and stop them gambling. Opium is bad for them and they are too poor to gamble.

There was a compelling logic about some of his statements. For instance: "If the government helped the people as we do, they would have no problems. Some people here went to jail for cutting down a tree. But a big contractor cut down a forest and nothing happened to him. Sometimes the government sends a policeman to shoot somebody and then say we have done it. They also send men to spy on us."

He stood up indicating our meeting was over so I quickly shot some questions at him. Standing impatiently he ignored most of them including those about Communist numbers, casualties, weapons and tactics. He said he was 40 years old, and had never been out of Thailand. All their people in the jungle were Thais. No, there were no Vietnamese, Chinese or Lao. (The Thai authorities say there are small groups of Vietnamese, Chinese and Lao among the insurgents.) The farmers gave them food "because we help them." (All his claims of helping the villagers and farmers were confirmed by officials.)

"Can you ever beat the army and police?," I asked. "In three years," he replied without hesitation.

By the time we had regained the highway back to the town, I had come to the conclusion that the Communist I had just talked with was a strange mixture of simplicity and subtlety. Although clearly he had had some instruction in Marxist doctrine, he seemed more motivated by his own experience than by an ideology. He appeared ignorant of international politics but knew plenty about the plight of the impoverished villagers in his own area and the failure of successive Thai Governments to help them.

Luckily for the Thais they now have a government that appears able and willing to adjust to the changes that have occurred elsewhere in Southeast Asia and to find fresh policies for their own problems, including the insurgents. Even the monarchy, which as recently as 1932 was absolute and all-powerful, has made imaginative changes. King Bhumipol and Queen Sirikit, encouraging the overthrow of the military dictators, have placed their immense prestige behind the democratic government, have given valuable tracts of their own to landless peasants and have adopted a simpler style of life to bring themselves closer to the people. Once international jet setters, they have abandoned foreign travel, declining all invitations. "Our presence in Thailand gives our people a sense of security," they say.

Thailand, with an exploding population sundered by strident inequalities and ruled by a military dictatorship that encouraged corruption in its own ranks and in the police and armed forces, has long been fertile ground for communism. The United States lavished military and civil aid on the country, but too much of the money went into the pockets of corrupt leaders. For twenty years the Thais were involved in the West's attempt to halt the spread of communism in Southeast Asia. The American failure was a lesson not lost on them; they recognize that Communist insurgencies spring from local conditions and cannot be defeated by arms alone.

Corruption and rural neglect are the two greatest allies the Communists possess and the worst enemies of democracy. Prime Minister Kukrit Pramoj's government, in office less than a year, has tackled both problems with imagination and courage. In Bangkok recently 200 mutinous policemen attacked and wrecked Mr. Kukrit's home, the outrage being prompted by government measures to check the powers of the police, who even today cannot comprehend that they should be subject to parliamentary control.

After all, just twenty years ago the police chief (then General Phao) was not only a CIA agent but also unofficial boss of the opium trade, sometimes in uneasy partnership with the supreme army commander, General Sarit. His police force was involved in every aspect of the narcotics trade, with the money passing up the chain of command so that by the time Phao was forced to flee for his life to Switzerland an immense and secret bank account awaited him in Zurich.

Phao was the most spectacular example of the corrupt policeman, but many who remain continue to extort money from the population. Truckdrivers are among the easiest victims for ordinary policemen. They can be held for hours at highway checkpoints, on the pretext that their trucks are overloaded. To avoid the delay and harassment each driver normally hands over $2 to $5 to the police. Other examples of petty corruption confront the Thais every day, forcing them to pay bribes for the quick issuance of any sort of official permit, license or document, including a passport. Police are said to be involved still in arms trafficking and almost certainly retain a role in the opium trade from northern Thailand, now the major source of the world's heroin.

The local police are often the peasant's only contact with authority, and this position is used to extort money, women and food from the village people. Bangkok students, leaders of the 1973 revolution which overthrew the military dictatorship, are active in rural areas, instructing the uninformed in politics and civil rights and defense against corruption. The police, fearing the new influence of the students, condemn them as Communists and warn the population that "without the police in control the Communists will come." The students claim the police mean to suppress the liberties won two years ago and specifically blame them for the unsolved murder of more than twenty farmers in recent months. All the dead men were engaged in political activities aimed at improving farmers' conditions.

The government's new program for the rural areas promises not only to make life easier for most of Thailand's 40 million people but also to rebuild the country's political structure. Approximately $200 million a year have been allocated to the tambon project program (a tambon is a group of villages) which channels cash to every village for local improvements. So far, most of the money has been spent on improved or new roads, schools, health centers, electricity, reservoirs, canals and drainage systems.

The benefits flowing from a tambon project are manifold: more cash income for the farmer, who now has something productive to do in the dry season when there is little work on the land; a better image for the central government, which is seen by the villagers for the first time

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helping rather than exploiting them; a real impetus to local government, thereby reducing centralized power and demonstrating grass-roots democracy in action.

Other minor moves toward a welfare state have been made to help the poorest city citizens. For instance, those in Bangkok who earn less than $40 a month are now eligible for free travel on busses, free medical treatment and free schooling for their children.

Meanwhile, against the Communist insurgents in the north, northeast and south of the country, the government operates a cool, moderate campaign. Until a year ago the government frequently overreacted to Communist activity, making new enemies with heavy air strikes which killed innocent people and destroyed friendly villages. In this they were following American policy until its futility in Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia was understood. Today, government tactics are similar to those of the insurgents: constant deep patrols into enemy areas, ambushes and surprise attacks at night, relentless probing to deny rest to the enemy.

More than 9,000 of the "liberation army" have been captured or have surrendered in the past five years but, remarkably, only two of them are in prison. Insurgents who surrender find an amnesty center, not a prison, awaiting them; they are even paid in cash for weapons they hand over. They are well housed and fed and invited to discuss their reasons for taking up arms against the government. Before long they are free to go where they wish, generally back to their home villages.

Some hard-liners oppose this "soft" policy but the chief of security, General Saiyud, supports it enthusiastically. "We believe these men should be forgiven and helped to make a new life and become good citizens. Some inevitably rejoin the Communists, but very few."

Significantly, General Saiyud's former "Communist Suppression H.Q." is now called "Internal Security Command." He believes there is no purely military answer to the "liberation army," but, he adds, it alone cannot win Thailand for communism. The insurgents themselves appear to accept this theory, for although they have better weapons and thus heavier fire power than ever before, armaments are not the heaviest traffic coming into Thailand across the Mekong. At the moment it comprises political instructors, teachers armed with movie projectors, films, books and pamphlets from Hanoi and Moscow.

Thus the Communist cadres are putting their major effort into political instruction, propaganda and general welfare work that offers a helping hand to the population. By adhering to similar priorities, the Thai Government recognizes the nature of the conflict—a truth that always escaped those who waged the losing battle against communism in Indochina. □

OLYMPIC SUPERDOME

MONTREAL GOES FOR BROKE

DESMOND SMITH

Montreal

It is like a scene from *The Godfather*. Every weekend, a seemingly endless procession of slowly moving cars parades down Sherbrooke Street in Montreal's East End, turns right along Pie IX Boulevard, and left again along Boyce. The people in the cars are looking at the soaring ribs and girders of the unfinished Olympic Stadium, and all around the stadium the ground—now churned into a sea of mud from the trucks and the cranes moving tons of concrete and steel—that everyone prays will turn into the Olympic Park in time for the 21st Summer Olympic Games next July.

The citizens of Montreal are worried. According to the most recent estimates, the final bill for the games is likely to be in excess of *a billion dollars*, and opposition members in City Hall have charged that if the indirect costs—delayed public housing, sewage facilities and Metro extensions—are included, the true costs are closer to a stupendous $2 billion! All this for a sports meet that will occupy exactly two weeks of the 1976 calendar.

The story of what happened in Montreal, how a scheme to stage a "modest" Olympics grew into a nightmare of costly overruns, has important implications not only for the financing of future Olympics but also as providing a look at a potentially dangerous trend in municipal government: the use of so-called "self-financing" schemes in order to avoid direct citizen approval of major projects.

In May 1970, there were three contenders for the honor of staging the 1976 Olympic Games: Los Angeles, Moscow and Montreal. Few Montrealers gave Jean Drapeau, the feisty Mayor of Montreal, much chance. Sam Yorty, then Mayor of Los Angeles, had put on a California-style public relations campaign to win the bid. He offered not only financial guarantees but also pointed out that 1976 was America's Bicentennial year and reminded the International Olympic Committee (IOC) that Los Angeles had played host to the Olympics once before, in 1932, generally remembered as one of the greatest of all Olympiads. Mayor Vladimir Promyslov of Moscow told the IOC that the capital of the USSR had all the facilities needed for the 1976 games already in place—and, of course, it would be no problem at all to guarantee satisfactory financing. Drapeau, a speech maker in the tradition of William Jennings Bryan, appealed to the IOC to return to the modest ideals of the games' founder, Baron Pierre Coubertin. He pointed out that guarantees were actually harmful, and "not in the spirit of the Baron's Olympicism." If Montreal got the Olympics, he told the committee, politics would be kept out of the games (a crack at the two superpowers). Canada's largest city would, instead, stage a

Desmond Smith, a frequent contributor to The Nation, *is the author of* Smith's Moscow *and* Smith's Montreal, *the latter scheduled for publication in the spring (both Knopf).*

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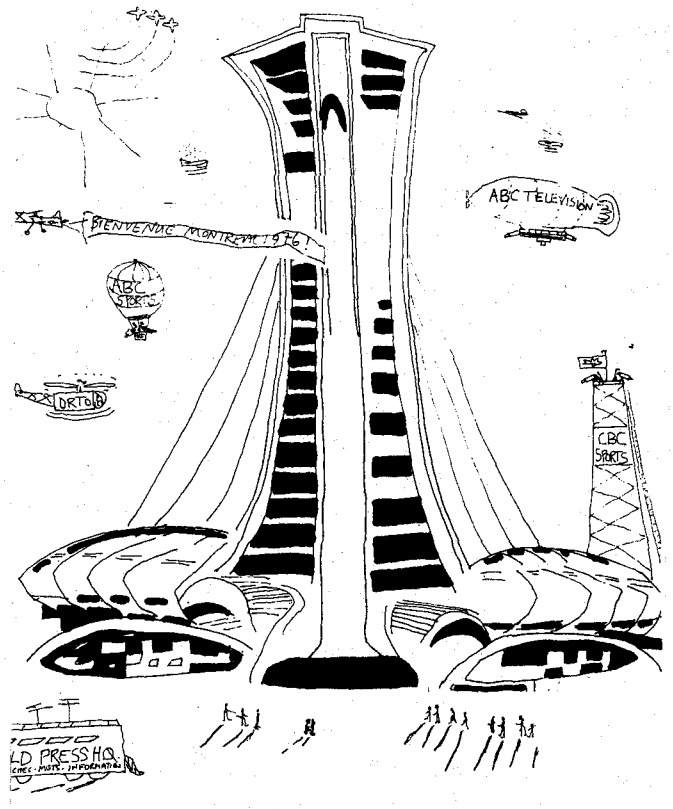

Drawings by Desmond Smith

Olympic Stadium, Montreal

"modest" games, concentrating on their "spiritual" aspects. The Mayor wound up his appeal by declaring: "In extending its invitation, Montreal is simply seeking the privilege of serving mankind."

On the first ballot it was Moscow 28, Montreal 25, L.A. 17. Then Montreal won when the city with the fewest votes was eliminated, Montreal beating Moscow 41 to 28. Without offering a dime in financial guarantees, with no stadium and few other athletic facilities, Mayor Drapeau had won the games for Montreal; for the first time in their history, they were to be held on Canadian soil.

The Mayor returned home to a hero's welcome and, in a memorable speech, promised Montrealers that the 1976 games would not cost them "one cent" in additional taxes. They would, he promised, be entirely "self-financing."

"We don't have to worry about the [Olympic] village because it can be covered with federal urban renewal funds," Drapeau explained. "We don't need to worry about infrastructure because that was built for Expo in 1967, and the stadium won't count because the city is committed to build one for baseball anyway.

"Our television rights estimates call for a figure of $40 million and that ought to be enough to cover our operating expenses." At the time, nobody questioned the Mayor's arithmetic.

Now, according to protocol, each country that accepts the Olympic Games has an Olympic committee. The Olympic Charter describes national Olympic committees as nonprofit organizations responsible for the development and protection of both the Olympic movement and amateur sport. Following the selection of Montreal, the Canadian Olympic Association (COA) became responsible for organizing and staging the games. But something curious happened. The COA delegated the assignment to a special "organizing committee" known as "COJO," Comité Organisateur des Jeux Olympiques, which promptly moved into the old Palais de Justice building next door to City Hall. If anyone had imagined that the Mayor would turn over the Olympics to a bunch of amateur sports officials, they just did not know the Mayor of Montreal. Whoever controlled the organizing committee controlled the games, and Drapeau—without accepting any official position at COJO—controlled it absolutely.

Drapeau, at 60, boss of Montreal since 1956 and *monsieur le maire* for five terms, is no longer the autocrat he was before the 1975 municipal elections, when a coalition of citizen groups broke his 99 per cent control of the City Council and put eighteen members of the Montreal Citizens Movement (MCM) into City Hall. But even if the council no longer automatically rubber-stamps every mayoral decision, Drapeau still runs a machine that is the most successful in Canadian urban politics, and that still has power not only in provincial but in federal affairs.

His achievements are many. Among them are: the cleaning up in the mid-1950s of one of the most corrosively corrupt cities in North America; the gigantic urban renewal programs of the early 1960s, which revitalized the core of Montreal; Expo '67, possibly the most imaginative world's fair ever held, which brought uncounted millions of tourist revenues to the city—revenues that persist to this day, since Drapeau never really closed Expo, which reopens every summer as "Man and His World." Uncorruptible, given to working sixteen-hour days, never taking vacations, Jean Drapeau envisaged the Olympics as the crowning achievement of two decades of public service.

From the start, the federal and provincial governments told Montreal that they would not subsidize the games. Drapeau, in turn, renewed his pledge to Montrealers that he was not seeking Olympic financing from them. In retrospect, many people now realize that this pledge gave the Mayor complete freedom of action, no questions asked. One of his first actions was to ignore Quebec architects and give the major share of the Olympic design work (including the stadium) to a little-known but flamboyant French architect named Roger Taillibert. Meanwhile, in March 1971, COJO revenue chief Gerry Snyder, an old political ally of the Mayor, gave the first hint of what the Olympic complex would be like. The press was informed that whatever Munich was doing (Munich's 1972 Olympic plans called for expenditures of more than $600 million) Montreal would not follow suit. The games were to be a modest affair—an Olympic village for 14,000 people that would be designated as urban renewal, a $30-million stadium, a $6-million pool and a $2-million velodrome for the cycling events.

Financial details were kept deliberately vague. As Jean Drapeau told William Johnson of *Sports Illustrated* at the time: "I do not like to be specific if it can be avoided. I have dealt only in large round numbers. I say $250 million for the construction of all the permanent installations, and I do not break it down."

With the architect in Paris—3,000 miles away from the curious press—busily working away on designs known only to a few chosen insiders, Jean Drapeau quickly got down to

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funding the project. To raise the estimated $310 million needed to finance the games, Drapeau went to Ottawa where he got some important concessions from the Liberal government of Prime Minister Trudeau. Among these, the government authorized an Olympic coin and stamp program, promised to supply security for the games, provided $25 million toward the broadcasting costs and, most important of all, authorized a nationwide Olympic lottery. Back in Montreal, Gerry Snyder was working on so-called "corporate programs"—for the first time ever, the Olympics were to be merchandised just like any other sports event. Although no one can use the official Olympic symbol in advertising, COJO designed a special Montreal games symbol—the five intertwined rings surmounted by three half-rings that make up the letter M for Montreal.

Among the hundreds of corporate "sponsors" entitled to use this symbol in their advertising and promotion campaigns are General Motors, Xerox, Canon (the "official" camera of the Olympics), Coca-Cola, the "official" drink of the athletes, Tetley Tea (official supplier of tea products), RCA, and the list runs on. A recent handout from COJO's press office proudly announced that the William Wrigley Jr. Co. Ltd. had been appointed official supplier of chewing gum to the 1976 games, and that for the first time at any Olympics athletes would eat from disposable plates and cutlery provided by the Lily Cup Corporation.

COJO had less luck selling the rights to televise the games. ABC Sports agreed to pay $25 million, an Olympic record for North American TV rights, but the European Broadcasting Union (EBU), negotiating on behalf of the rest of the world's broadcasters, refused to match that sum. Their position was simple: the Olympics were not a commercial event, and they were not going to pay commercial rates. In the end, after a year of acrimony, COJO reluctantly accepted an EBU offer of $10 million, "take it or leave it."

While the fund-raising program was having its ups and downs (the lottery was going well, but the coin program was in trouble, largely because of the recession in the United States), Mayor Drapeau, secretive as ever, went to Vienna to meet the International Olympic Committee and finally unveil his plans for the Olympic Games. Drapeau's big surprise was his Olympic stadium, an enormous doughnut-shaped structure, surmounted by an 18-story tower capped by a revolving restaurant.

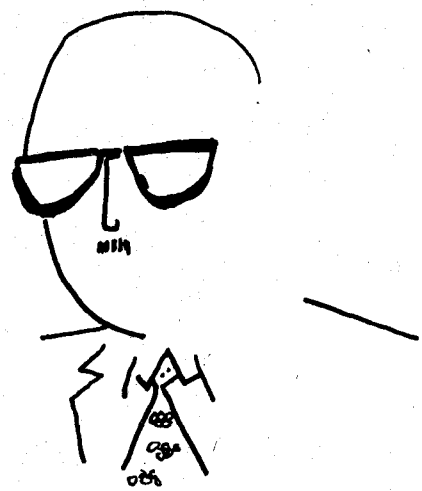
Ever since Houston opened its $31-million Astrodome a decade ago, a kind of "dome envy" has swept North America. From Seattle to New Orleans, mammoth sports emporia are rising. They are the newest form of North American urban *macho*. Of them all, Montreal's Olympic stadium—big enough to accommodate London's St. Paul's Cathedral under its massive 10-acre retractable roof—was to be by far the grandest.

But was a Superdome necessary for the Olympics (the 18 stories of training facilities and the revolving restaurant would not be open in time for the games), or was Montreal's wily Mayor simply using the games—and a federally approved lottery—to build the kind of spectacular sports facility that would normally require financing out of municipal bonds?

Critics charged Drapeau with enriching Montreal at the expense of the rest of Canada and, on a nationwide open-line radio show, a listener in Vancouver called Jean Drapeau "the greatest con artist Canada had ever produced." The Mayor, a man seldom lost for words, on this occasion said nothing.

Meanwhile in Montreal there was bad news at the Olympic site, where a series of costly labor strikes, coupled with Canada's worst inflation in thirty years, had sent prices skyrocketing. By July, Doug Gilbert, the city's most knowledgeable sports columnist, was writing in *The Gazette*: "Help! Jean Drapeau, the man who brought us Expo and the Expo's 'Man and His World' and The Lottery System, has lost control of the financing formula for next year's 1976 Olympics."

Drapeau went to Quebec City, the provincial capital, to try to explain to Parliament what had gone wrong. The velodrome (original estimate $2 million) was coming in at $60 million; underground parking lots were now tabbed at $42.1 million; a simple overpass (built to provide security for the athletes) was listed at $12.7 million, and the Olympic stadium's price tag had soared to a stratospheric



Mayor Jean Drapeau

$277.6 million *estimate*, a figure that was to be boosted in November to $375 million, with an ultimate cost (including interest charges) of a mind-blowing $600 million!—the world's most expensive sports structure. In all, the Olympics would cost a billion dollars, and even that figure is now considered conservative.

Finally, last month the province assumed responsibility for the games and the tangled skein of finances, and Mayor Jean Drapeau was edged out of the spotlight. The government's takeover does nothing at all for Montreal taxpayers; it means only that the Olympic installations will be guaranteed, but leaving Montrealers with a multimillion-dollar debt for its construction. By now, it is obvious that Drapeau's "self-financing" is doomed to failure and a $400 million to $500 million deficit is expected. The Olympic lottery, the single biggest source of revenue, must be phased out when the games close (although there are plans to continue it as a provincial lottery after August 1976), and in Montreal's financial district the bankers are waiting. The city desperately needs to float a new municipal bond for such public works as a new sewage system. Its supply of short term notes is just about exhausted—almost

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$400 million has been diverted to "bridging" loans to Olympic contractors to meet a daily payroll of $2 million. Moody's—the major bond-rating agency—is looking at Montreal's finances and the rumor is that the city, currently classified a single A (compared to Toronto's triple A ranking) may be further downgraded.

These are not good days for Mayor Drapeau, and they are even worse for the taxpayers. The Olympics—still six months away—will not be postponed. Everyone from the Premier of the province, Mr. Bourassa, to the beleaguered Mayor, is committed to see the games through. Meanwhile, in Montreal's grimy East End, the Olympic Stadium is a kind of universal power plant, sucking in money and spewing out concrete. As the giant mechanism pumps away, few city services—or few Montrealers—can escape its effect. Everything from park maintenance to teachers' salaries has been affected by the price of the Olympics, and still the frightening drain on the city budget continues. The subject of what went wrong with Montreal's Olympic planning will no doubt be discussed as long as there are future games.

"It's a serious question in my mind," said a banker with close ties to the Drapeau administration, "as to whether the Mayor had the right to risk the city's credit on the Olympic installations without full disclosure at the outset."

There are, however, larger questions of executive responsibility for the well-being of the city. The speed with which things occur in a city like Montreal have already rendered useless the archaic city charter. Created a century ago, Montreal's charter is dedicated to the idea that the weaker a City Council the less harm it can do, and that has meant that the Chief Executive can say and do pretty much what he wants.

Montreal—like many North American cities—grants an awesome amount of real power to the office of Mayor. As it happened, Drapeau's "self-financing" scheme had all the substance of a South Sea bubble, but such was (and is) the mayoral power that prudent inhibitions against risk are weakened while initiative is sustained. The near disaster over the Olympics reveals in a vivid manner the need to keep management techniques in the Mayor's office developing at the same pace as the projects they must control; at the same time, Montreal's Olympic "experience" confirms that you can't run a modern city with a century-old set of guidelines.

Finally, it is a depressing fact, but a true one, that Munich—four years after its $600-million experience—is still saddled with a quite enormous debt. Can any non-Communist city afford to stage Olympic games? Unless a new formula is designed, the Olympics seem doomed to becoming an ever more "commercial" venture, if they are to be staged in the West. Already the athletes are getting restless. As Billy Jean King recently told the President's Commission on Olympic Sports, "Amateur athletes have become the pawn of manipulators and big business." According to Mrs. King, Olympic athletes should get 40 per cent of the gate receipts, "because without the athletes there is no money, no entertainment package to sell."

Eighty years after the Olympic Games were revived, it seems reasonably clear that their future will be determined by what happens in Montreal. In the meantime, Montrealers have a more immediate headache—how to foot the bill for the biggest and most expensive sports extravaganza in history. □

DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN

THE MASK OF LIBERALISM

PAUL GOOD

With the United Nations in turmoil over Zionism and racism, the United States is represented by the wrong man, in the wrong place, at the wrong time. Whatever one feels about the complex, conflicting claims of the Israelis and the Arabs, and of the Western world and the Third World—claims fired by passions as intense as they are threatening to global peace, and by politics alternately crude and subtle—the American position at the world body should not be compromised by the man voicing it.

But the chief U.S. delegate, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, by his performance during the last ten years of racial struggle in his own country, has forfeited any credentials he might once have held as a man committed to an understanding of racism and dedicated to its eradication. A decade ago, he was widely regarded as an intellectual liberal from a working-class background actively engaged in effecting profound social change. This is a blend rarely encountered in American public life and he cultivated the popular estimate of himself to advance a successful academic and governmental career.

Today, he has emerged as a bombastic spokesman for the new, Mr. Clean image of America that Washington is trying to project. It would make our past national mistakes (even those which extend into the present) an irrelevant subject for international discussion. It would equate democracy with morality, despite evidence to the contrary as glaring as recent CIA assassination plots, and label en masse governments that choose other forms as "despotisms" (Moynihan's word). Finally, it would assert that criticisms of Israel or sympathetic consideration of any Arab claim constitute anti-Semitism and reveal a desire to destroy the Jewish state.

In one sense, Moynihan is the ideal man for this slogan mongering which insists on black or white reactions to such vastly complicated issues as the dilemma of the

Paul Good's most recent book is The Trouble I've Seen: White Journalists, Black Movement (*Howard University Press*). *It describes his experiences over the past decade, with particular focus on 1964, reporting on race in America.*

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Palestine refugees, and which facilely blames the victims for condemning their victimizers. Moynihan is ideal for such work because of a demonstrated ability to make a virtue of his own errors by blaming those he has failed for his failures, while reinforcing his wrong-headedness with sophistries that ingratiate him with the powerful, but never with the powerless. This matching of man and mission may be good for Moynihan, but it is not good for the United Nations or for the United States.

It was not good on October 3, when the debate on Zionism began, for delegate Moynihan, referring to Uganda President Idi Amin's call for extinction of the Israeli state, to say publicly: "It is no accident, I fear, that this racist murderer, as one of our leading newspapers [*The New York Times*] called him this morning, is head of the Organization of African Unity."

One can abominate Amin's call for the eradication of Israel and still wonder at Moynihan's exercise in vituperation. President Amin is among the least lovable and coherent chiefs of state ever to visit the U.N., but when it comes to being a racist murderer—i.e., having people killed to further racist government policies—the white leaders of Rhodesia and South Africa have not over the years been under-achievers. Yet Moynihan has never denounced them; in fact, his government provides them with consistent support. And why did Moynihan feel free to level his gross insult not only at Amin but at the entire black membership of the OAU—*many of whose members are not sympathetic either to Amin or to anti-Israeli actions?*

To understand his behavior and to appreciate fully why he should not be speaking for the United States in its relations with Third World countries, which already have ample historic grounds to fear and distrust us, it is necessary to examine the career of this man whom the media helped establish in the role of liberal champion of minority rights, despite a wealth of ambivalent evidence suggesting that he has been something quite different.

The foundation of that career was Moynihan's long association with the Joint Center for Urban Affairs of Harvard and M.I.T., a prestigious, impressive-sounding institution which he eventually headed. He has served under four Presidents—Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon and Ford—and for Johnson and Nixon he prepared secret memoranda that undermined the efforts of black leadership, distorted the shape of racial realities, and created public confusion that played into the hands of racial reactionaries. His opportunistic judgments on current events have curried favor with power sources at the expense of minorities and of the truth. Step by step, Moynihan's career is revealed in the public record and the record should determine his fitness for continued public service.

In 1965, President Johnson made his dramatic "We shall overcome" speech at Howard University, pledging a full national commitment to racial equality and announcing a future White House conference entitled, "To Fulfill These Rights." At the same time, Moynihan was working on his own approach to the black American dilemma in a study called "The Negro Family: The Case for National Action." It focused on the absence of fathers from two out of five black families (the accuracy of the statistic has been debated) and its central theme was that matriarchal black families did not prepare children for a patriarchal society. Of course, he conceded, there was racial injustice in that society, and America's history of discrimination had produced the black family pathology. To reason otherwise—that paternal absence was a racial trait—Moynihan would have had to demonstrate that Ebo or Zulu tribesmen regularly abandoned their families when, in fact, those societies were more stable than their Western counterparts. But Moynihan was not interested in delineating these distinctions. He was out to prove that family breakdown, not 1965 American race prejudice, was responsible for black powerlessness and despair.

The report, prepared under the aegis of the Labor Department, was kept secret, although President Johnson approved it and planned to tailor the White House conference to its specifications. But blacks, the subjects of the conference, were to be kept ignorant of the "Moynihan Report." Obviously, either he or somebody was nervous over black reaction, so the report was sneaked around in the white-father-knows-best tradition and on this note of duplicity conference planning skulked forward.

However, word of the "Moynihan Report" leaked and almost to a man black leaders denounced it. They saw it as another of white America's ploys to transform an effect of racism into a cause of black failure to progress, when the emphasis, they felt, should be on existing legal, economic and political inequities. The controversy inspired by Moynihan cast a shadow over the conference before it ever got underway in June 1966, and Johnson's attempt to gag conference debate on the war in Vietnam insured its eventual, abject failure.

One would think that Moynihan might have been chastened by the mischief he had caused. But in February 1967, writing in *Commentary*, a magazine that for years had been lecturing blacks on what was good for them, Moynihan asserted that civil rights leaders themselves were responsible for wrecking the greatest opportunity in America's history to achieve genuine equality. According to Moynihan, when President Johnson made his 1965 Howard University speech, the nation was prepared to make a "total commitment to the cause of Negro equality," but "Negro leaders unable to comprehend their opportunity . . . militants, Negro and white, caught up in a frenzy of arrogance and nihilism," blew it.

This kind of headline-grabbing verbal overkill was to be heard again eight years later at the United Nations. If George Wallace had lashed out at Negro leaders as too dense to recognize that salvation was being handed them on a platter, the attack would have been ascribed to simple racism in the liberal environs of New York and Washington. But Moynihan could characteristically blame blacks for their racial predicament with impunity, even when he went on to assert simplistically that their opposition to his identification of "momism" as a root cause of that predicament had sabotaged the White House conference. Never mind that Vietnam was killing and wounding black draftees far out of proportion to their percentage of the population, while diverting energy and resources from President Johnson's vaunted "War on Poverty." Never mind that Martin Luther King had had the White House door irrevocably slammed shut on him because he insisted that Vietnam must be discussed, that the fighting must end. One need only recall the total social condition in

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1965, the year when America allegedly was ready for a "total commitment to the cause of Negro equality," to realize how cruelly Moynihan distorted the facts.

In 1965, John Lewis and dozens of other blacks were beaten insensible on the Selma Bridge by an Alabama posse because they were trying to force a laggard Congress to pass a Voting Rights Act. In that year, Congressmen received the greatest volume of grass-roots mail in history, mail opposing any open-housing bills. It was the year when blatant segregation at all levels of life still persisted in the South, despite the 1964 Civil Rights Act, when Northern blacks had to go to court to join volunteer fire departments, when Moynihan himself said that whites in general felt that blacks "have received enough for the time being." And in that year, when thirty-three blacks and four whites died in Watts during what the press liked to call shoot-outs, the nation was prepared, so Moynihan would have us believe, to make a "total commitment to the cause of Negro equality."

Nor had Moynihan yet finished with his obsessive effort to impose his own version of reality on blacks. During the riotous 1967 summer, with Detroit in flames and fifteen blacks dead, *The New York Times* carried a story with the headline, "Moynihan Blames Low Status, Not Race, for Riots." In a country practicing the most onerous apartheid outside South Africa and Rhodesia, Moynihan found class the cause for the "desperately unhappy and disorganized" ghetto populations. First momism, then classism, although Moynihan conceded that "race interacts with everything in America," as he offered the *Times* some interesting samples of his analytical processes.

"Curiously," he said, "life patterns among the lower class in East Harlem [where riot was also flaming] and the jet set of the East 50s are almost identical—they like their dances, take existence casually."

One proposal sociologist Moynihan made to improve ghetto economic conditions among the black *Lumpenproletariat*, as he called them, was that the Post Office should return to its former practice of delivering residential mail twice a day. This, he estimated, would open up 50,000 jobs to those down-at-the-heels ghetto blacks who were somehow sufficiently well educated to pass civil service examinations and who could somehow vault over long-existing lists of qualified postal applicants, cleansing themselves as they did so of the police records, the addictions and the apathy that afflict many at the bottom of the ghetto heap and make Post Office recruiters flee at the sight of them.

Still later in that tumultuous year, Moynihan was urging liberals in Americans for Democratic Action to form "working partnerships" with conservatives. To make clear what sort of work he was proposing, he said: "Liberals must somehow overcome the curious condescension which takes the form of sticking up for and explaining away anything, howsoever outrageous, which Negroes individually or collectively might do."

How smoothly this Agnew-like indictment of blacks and of their white liberal supporters came from Moynihan's lips. That certain individual whites indiscriminately condoned the "outrageous" black actions that Moynihan had in mind (what precisely he had in mind remaining undefined) was probably true. But here he converted the personal flaw of such individuals into a black-induced mental aberration afflicting liberals in general. And not only were liberals disgracing themselves with blacks but the Civil Rights Act of 1964 was being perverted in favor of blacks! Moynihan complained that "employers are given quotas of the black employees they will hire, records of minority group employment are diligently maintained and censuses are repeatedly taken. . . . That which was specifically forbidden by the Civil Rights Act is now explicitly (albeit covertly) required by the federal government."

What, where, whom was Moynihan talking about? In 1967, flagrant employment racism, in government agencies and private industry, had just been documented by the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights. The Department of Agriculture had been publicly identified as a major agent, because of its pervasive racist practices, of black flight from the rural South. Although the 1964 Civil Rights Act specifically instructed federal agencies to cancel contracts with firms that persisted in discriminatory labor practices and although giant suppliers like U.S. Steel, American Can and McDonnell Douglas, along with thousands of other companies, were not complying, the federal government had never canceled *even one* of 100,000 contracts and myriad subcontracts. In 1967, discrimination on the part of giant unions defied belief, even as Moynihan fulminated about quotas: 915 blacks among 133,904 electrical workers; 320 black plumbers out of 147,862 in the union; 1.7 per cent blacks in the total force of iron workers, .2 per cent of sheet metal workers, etc. Still Moynihan persisted in his peculiar dance around the word "racism," flitting from "mom-ism" to "class-ism" to "quota-ism." Where would he turn next?

As intriguing as the question "where" was the question "why" he had made the fatuous suggestion that liberals should seek a partnership with conservatives whose interests were so inimical to theirs on race and other matters. The answer lay, perhaps, in Moynihan's theatrical nature, a craving for an audience to marvel at his self-conceived uniqueness. All liberals save him were out of step with reality; only he was audacious enough to risk his reputation with feisty individualistic assaults on the conventional wisdom of lesser thinkers. Liberal? Risk?

His immediate reward came from President Nixon, who liked Moynihan's sociological style and on December 10, 1968, named him to head the newly created Council on Urban Affairs. A *New York Times* account, headlined "Moynihan, a Liberal Scholar, May Spur Rapid Action on Cities," referred to his "impeccable liberal credentials." But Murray Kempton, both a seasoned liberal and a liberal watcher, wrote in response to an ecstatic *New Republic* appraisal of Moynihan: ". . . shouldn't there be a body of work to go with the testament that someone is a 'passionate reformer and crusader for the poor?' My only experience with Moynihan in an administrative capacity was when the Labor Department sent him to New York as a mediator when the local plumbers were kicking three colored applicants downstairs. I should have expected a man of passion for reform to be at least distressed about this tableau; but Moynihan came back quite jovial about the plumbers."

In 1968, Moynihan published *Maximum Feasible Mis-*

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understanding, an evaluation of community action programs in the so-called War Against Poverty. Any doubt about his "impeccable liberal credentials" should have vanished with this book, in which he discoursed on "social theorists" who really didn't understand the mostly black poor people about whom they theorized. It is true that programs of the Office of Economic Opportunity, then in the process of being dismantled by the Nixon administration, were often ill-conceived and superficial in planning and execution. It was also true, as Moynihan noted, that the "issues of Negro poverty in the present time have been defined and analyzed by white social scientists, and the subsequent programs have been administered by white political executives. . . . It does not follow that the presence of influential Negroes at any stage in this process would have led to any greater insights into the problems that were to be encountered, but it might certainly have served to suggest that the enterprise was not going to be an especially simple one."

But even truth, in Moynihan's rhetoric, performs strangely. He seems at first to be condemning the exclusion of blacks from decision making controlled by white experts (like himself), but then he immediately undermines black ability to provide "any greater insights" into its own problems. How strange that the oppressed comprehend as little about their predicament as do their oppressors; how incapable blacks appear.

Moynihan went on in his book to inveigh against militant community organizers (the great majority of these were black, the brainwashed white poor remaining largely inert in the 1960s). "The institutions of representative government have the singular virtue of defining who speaks for the community," he wrote. The struggle of community militants "took the form of denying the legitimacy of these institutions that had developed over the years—indeed, over the centuries—and which nominally did provide community control."

Did he mean the corrupt white regime of Mayor Hugh Addonizio in predominantly black Newark? Or Mayor Daley's institutions of representative government in ghettoized Chicago? Or perhaps Mayor Joe Smitherman speaking for the black community of Selma, Ala.? The press did not pin him down on what he meant, and the "urban scholar" continued on his erratic way.

A memo to President Nixon (intended to be kept secret, as was his earlier report to President Johnson on the Negro family) finally and fully revealed Moynihan's incompetence to speak on race. This was the famous communication urging "benign neglect" of blacks, in view of the "enormous progress" the race had been making. Given Nixon's dismal record on race, and coming at a time when, for all the visible but limited advances, ghettos were expanding instead of diminishing and when infant mortality rates for black babies born in both Northern cities and Southern rural areas were two to four times the white rates, this memo was a pseudo-scientific mishmash. Its toadying tone was the perfect accompaniment to its pretensions of objectivity.

"During the past year," wrote Moynihan, "intense efforts have been made by the administration to develop programs that will be of help to blacks. I dare say, as much or more time and attention goes into this effort in this administration than any in history." Some critics might argue that, say, the Coolidge administration was being slighted, given Moynihan's criteria. Two days before the memo surfaced, HEW Civil Rights Director Leon Panetta had quit, charging that "political pressures" were blocking school desegregation. In the same week, Civil Service Commission Chairman Robert Hampton reported that the Nixon administration had stopped efforts to have federal agencies hire more minority group employees. Such facts did not deter Moynihan. Neither did figures—what was most revealing in his awful document was a calculated attempt to mis-marshal figures in a way that would justify the renouncing of governmental concern for a black populace which in 1970—despite some middle-class gains—remained in a morbid fix through malignant neglect, past

and present. A sample of Moynihan's tactic is contained in this sentence: "Negro college enrollment rose 85 per cent between 1964 and 1968, by which time there were 434,000 Negro college students. (The total full-time university population of Great Britain is 200,000.)" To begin with, government statistics for 1968 from the Census Bureau and the U.S. Office of Civil Rights show approximately 287,000 blacks in institutions of higher education, not "434,000." This represents an enrollment increase over 1964 of barely 21 per cent, not "85 per cent."

Beyond this gross statistical gaffe by Moynihan, why

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didn't he compare American black enrollment to that of Tasmania or the Isle of Man, as long as he was trying to make it look good? What possible relevance did the total British university population have to the number of black American collegians, unless Moynihan was deliberately mixing unrelated figures to color his rosy thesis? Why didn't Moynihan break down his figures to show that nearly half of black collegians were attending all-black colleges, mainly in the South, which ran on shoestring budgets with facilities and faculties limited by economic need? Why did he not point out that black enrollment at major schools was minuscule—1.7 per cent of the student body at the University of Pennsylvania, 1.9 per cent at Stanford, and at Harvard and M.I.T.—the twin home of Professor Moynihan's Urban Studies Center—3.5 per cent and 0.7 per cent respectively?

Why, in fact, include *any* education figures without reminding Nixon that the government's own Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, in a survey of 43,000 employers covering 26 million workers, had found that educational lacks "accounted only for about one-third of the difference in occupational ranking between Negro men and majority group men; the inevitable conclusion is that the other two-thirds must be attributed to discrimination, deliberate or inadvertent." To do so, Moynihan would have had to use the word "racism" and, for reasons best known to him, he had been avoiding that word for years.

Instead, he deliberately misinterpreted data to "prove" that blacks were "making extraordinary progress." Hurrying over the South, where half the nation's blacks were living and fewer than 20 per cent of black families made $8,000 a year, he said that "outside the South young husband-wife Negro families have 99 per cent of the income of whites!" (Exclamation point supplied by him for Nixon's benefit.) What this statistic specifically referred to was hard to say and when Moynihan is vague readers do well to be on guard. The previous year, the Census Bureau had reported that black men and women in urban centers earn about 70 per cent of white income. It said that nearly half of white men held white-collar jobs compared to 20 per cent of blacks. Then where did Moynihan's exciting 99 per cent figure come from? It came from comparing apples and oranges, as any good sociologist should have suspected before urging benign neglect on the President. It turned out that the figure applied only to black families in which both husband and wife worked. In black families where only the husband worked, comparative income remained at 75 per cent of white *throughout the entire decade of the 1960s*. Instead of "extraordinary progress," there had been little or no progress.

In light of the facts about jobs, education and income, could a convincing argument be made for Moynihan's benign neglect—i.e., soft-pedaling the talk about discrimination and its effects? Prof. Lester Thurow, from M.I.T., had studied the black labor market in the year of the Moynihan memo and reported to the OEO the reasoning on which administration policy was based: "Discrimination lowers black incomes, but it is difficult to eliminate. Direct attacks on discrimination generate political protest and pressure. Therefore, we will attempt to circumvent the discrimination problem. We will first use other instruments, such as education and training, to equalize black and white incomes, and after this has been accomplished we will worry about discrimination. . . ." But, said Professor Thurow, "Unfortunately, all of my research indicates this strategy will not work."

In his own effort to "circumvent the discrimination problem," Moynihan sent copies of his secret memo to various Nixon officials, among them Vice President Agnew and Attorney General Mitchell. Again, no black official was consulted about or permitted to see a document whose purpose was to alter government policy toward 25 million black Americans.

At this point, a reader may come to his or her own conclusions about Moynihan's racial perceptions and how they qualify him for his role in the United Nations. Since he has been there this year, he has presented himself as the defender of a national faith that is easier to trumpet than to define. He has categorized the U.N. as an organization containing "two dozen democracies." The remaining countries being "despotic, totalitarian and Communist." His vaunted oratorical style, likened to "cowboy behavior" by British delegate Ivor Richard, has earned him few plaudits from any sector of the U.N., but his fierce condemnation of the anti-Zionist resolution has won him an instant American constituency. No one should be surprised to find Moynihan out of the United Nations and running for the U.S. Senate by next fall.

Earlier in 1975, before the President named him to his present post, Moynihan was back in his favorite magazine, *Commentary*, discoursing on how "liberating" it would be if the United States got tough with Third World countries. (*Commentary*, by the way, apparently has become a collaborator in Moynihan's U.N. speech making. In an extravagantly favorable article about Moynihan in *The New York Times Magazine* (December 7) reporter Tom Buckley describes how, on the eve of the U.N. vote on the Zionism-racism resolution, *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz was in Moynihan's apartment helping him prepare his U.N. speech. Buckley says: "When it came to the politics of the Middle East, an area in which he has never set foot, Moynihan was happy to take his direction from the State Department, he had told me, but when it came to Zionism, Jewish history, anti-Semitism and related topics, Podhoretz is Moynihan's maven." *Commentary* is published by the American Jewish Committee.) Certainly, the United States does not need to accept all criticisms, just and unjust; but neither does it need the kind of intellectual know-nothingism that Moynihan has brought to the chief delegate's position.

Zionism in the Mideast is a profoundly difficult question that should require all sides to exercise personal tact, diplomatic expertise and simple humanity so that every opportunity is given to create conditions in which the Jewish and Arab states can coexist. The job of chief U.S. delegate requires racial sensitivity, the capacity to re-examine and re-evaluate previously held positions and a largeness of spirit, not of ego. Moynihan has demonstrated that he lacks all these qualities and is particularly unfitted to deal with people of color. That he has been able to project a false image for so long is a cautionary tale which the press and that portion of the public committed to truly liberal politics should remember long after Moynihan is only another United Nations' memory, like Khrushchev's thumping shoe. □

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POSSE COMITATUS

EVERY MAN A SHERIFF

GERALD HASLAM

Petaluma, Calif.

Yearning for a past that never was, they talk gravely of rising crime rates, of illegal taxes, of the right to bear arms. Their dress is heterogeneous: many tend toward Western attire, pistols slung low on their thighs; others wear official-looking uniforms and tote service revolvers; still others wear business suits or blue jeans or work clothes or oddly dated mismatches of Sunday-go-to-meetin' finery. And everyone is armed.

"There is no greater law firm than Smith and Wesson," says Francis Gillings of Stockton, Calif., who was recently indicted on tax-evasion charges, "especially if it is backed up by a 12-gauge injunction."

These are the men of Posse Comitatus. The group is, of course, no posse comitatus at all for it has not been organized by local sheriffs but is instead the creation of Mike Beach, a retired laundry equipment salesman from Oregon. Local sheriffs, in fact, seem to be among the vigilante group's principal antagonists.

Beach founded the National Christian Posse Association from his Portland home in 1968, selling charters for $21. He now claims chapters in every state except Hawaii, with nearly 500,000 members (the FBI estimates membership at much closer to 10,000). In any case, Beach has tapped a deep vein of anger and frustration among middle-to-lower-income whites whose economic stability and personal values have been severely assaulted by events of the past ten years.

Combining their anger with the frontier tradition of direct citizen action, a tradition with which they strongly identify, Posse members symbolize a more general mood among those Americans who feel they "foot the bills" and "take it in the ass from everyone." Their most ominous potential is found in the tendency of Posse members, and their growing group of sympathizers, to vent their rage not on actual causes of their distress but on those who are themselves victimized by established power and wealth, by impersonal government, by social prejudices.

Groused a Kern County (Calif.) Posse member: "It's Cesar Chavez and his bunch that've screwed things up for working folks around here." The tendency of people near the bottom of the barrel to fight one another rather than their actual foes is again exemplified. In this case, the equally unenlightened indictments so promiscuously mouthed by some liberal elitists have served to separate many poor whites from any possibility of a broader-based movement. So they return to older, often ugly patterns of organization.

Gerald Haslam was born in Bakersfield, Calif. of a Texas father and a California mother, and attended school in Oildale. His Okies: Selected Stories, *first published in 1973, won the Joseph Henry Jackson Award, and has been reissued in an enlarged edition by Peregrine Smith.*

In some chapters, the increasingly popular name of White Christian Posse is more appropriate than Posse Comitatus because the former exposes undercurrents of racism, anti-Semitism, and anti-Catholicism that mix with Populism to create a latter-day parody of know-nothing-ism. However, the Posse's central credo is anti-big government, plus a yearning for simpler, better times. Beach claims: "Our Republic has already gone down the drain. Parasites have come in and destroyed our republican form of government." To date, Posse members have tended not to search for complex answers to complicated problems but to focus instead on visible enemies, scapegoats, the ubiquitous "they." More particularly, the Posse has zeroed in on invasive government and its agents, and on corrupt public officials.

In Petaluma, Calif., the Posse's leader is Howard G. Sampson, who explains: "Our powers come from above, just as the writers of the Constitution were men inspired by God. Every minister should be a sheriff." Sampson is both a lay preacher and a self-appointed sheriff, his badge purchased for $6.50 from Mike Beach. He was also, until recently, an unlicensed paving contractor.

Sampson believes licensing is illegal because it interferes with free enterprise. Authorities disagree, however, and the Posse leader found himself in court. Acting as his own attorney (he asked prospective jurors, "Do you believe in God?"), Sampson promptly subpoenaed eighteen local officials, including the mayor, police chief, sheriff, district attorney and various members of the City Council, all of whom he planned to quiz on the Constitution and the Bible. The subpoenas were quashed.

It took fifteen minutes for the jury to find Sampson guilty, which speed led him to comment: "They weren't independent people who know what freedom means, people who believe in the Constitution."

The Petaluma man's odd mixture of fundamental Christianity, aggrieved self-interest, and selective interpretation of the Constitution symbolizes well the views of Posse members. Said a well-dressed man at a Posse meeting in San Jose: "Did you read about that little Mexican girl that got raped and murdered? Well, the bastard that done it got paroled last month after only four years of a life sentence. Know what he got sent up for the last time? Rape and murder. If I was that little girl's daddy, I'd have to kill me some parole board people, and I ain't shittin'."

The uneven, and seemingly unwise administration of justice isn't the only bone stuck in Posse members' craws. The federal income tax, land-use permits, and licensing are, they claim, unconstitutional. Ecologists are prime targets in logging and ranching country. The only legal law-enforcement officers in the United States are county sheriffs, claims Posse literature. The group has assumed the obligation to rid government, local as well as national, of corrupt public officials, and Mike Beach has suggested public hangings as the best approach.

But Beach does not exercise much control over local

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chapters, so there is considerable local emphasis on pet issues. In California's San Joaquin County not long ago, armed Posse members kept organizers of the United Farm Workers from entering a field to recruit. In an ensuing scuffle, a deputy sheriff was nearly hit by an accidental shotgun blast, and the organization reaped a harvest of adverse publicity. Even chapter head Jim McDaniel acknowledged that his people were undertrained in firearm use; "It won't happen again because we're starting a training program."

But more than a training program may be necessary to improve the image of what a Sonoma County deputy called "a bunch of gun-toting amateurs." This is especially true because so many members slip easily—almost automatically—into polar language that sprinkles terms like "Coloreds" and "Mexicans" among generalizations like: "Most of your good ones are ashamed of their race," or "I can't see why any people would want everything given to them."

Members are often walking encyclopedias of unverified "true facts." A Yolo County man explained: "It's not so much your Mexicans I'm against, it's that rotten Chavez. He's put millions and millions of dollars away for his family, but he'll cost workers a raise if they won't join his union." The San Joaquin County chapter has, in fact, been accused of receiving clandestine grower support in exchange for acting as a private police force—an unverified "true fact" which members vigorously deny. In any case, the chapter's members display little familiarity with California's long history of grower-worker problems, and even less knowledge of the economic tension and ethnic caste system such problems reflect.

But the San Joaquin County group is not alone in fighting "un-American" activities. Last year in Wisconsin an agent of the Internal Revenue Service was assaulted and briefly held prisoner while Posse members called him a traitor for enforcing income tax laws, photographed him, and asked him to sign a "public service questionnaire." In Idaho, a group of men surrounded a policeman on his way to testify against a Posse sympathizer, and tried to prevent his testimony. The officer was rescued by a force of deputies.

Speaking to Posse members in Burbank, Calif., Terrence Oaks claimed that laws passed by an elected Congress are unconstitutional because Congress itself is ignoring the Constitution. "So we form a posse comitatus. If they do anything about it, they're interfering with common law, and who knows, somebody might shoot them."

Oaks, who was convicted for failure to file a 1971 income tax return and for filing a false withholding exemption form, then exploded: "We've got a criminal government! That's what we've got. I'm not going to live under this. I'll die first. There's going to be some bloodshed. There's only one way they're going to get my gun. They're going to get it out of my cold, dead, clammy fingers!"

Howard Sampson adds: "They [government officials] are taking the rights away from the people and they're passing laws that are unconstitutional. They don't even know the interpretation of the Constitution . . . the rights of the people." The Posse requires no Supreme Court to interpret the Constitution.

The radical Left, that other nebulous force which claims to champion "the people," has figured in the formation of some Posse chapters. According to John Brevard of Grass Valley, Calif., "It's things like the bombings that started all this. We want to be ready, not just hiding behind our doors waiting for somebody to come break them down."

Jim McDaniel points out that state and federal laws "require, not suggest," that every male 18 years old and over "aid and assist in preventing any breach of the peace or the commission of any criminal offense." The actual reason for forming a local posse, he says, "is the rising crime rate, the way courts have tied law-enforcement agencies' hands. . . . A law-enforcement agency can't do anything any more without getting in trouble." Publicly, at least, law-enforcement agencies scoff at the Posse.

In its Western branches, the Posse Comitatus has stuck closely to its "pro-Constitution" activities and pretty well avoided the racial and religious nonsense associated with such related groups as the Sons of Liberty, the National States Rights Party, and the Ku Klux Klan; there is at present no evidence linking the Posse formally to other groups, though duplication of membership is not uncommon. Many Posse members are active in American Party politics, and their views adhere closely to those of Governor Wallace.

Despite claims—sounding perfunctory in most cases—that "lots of doctors and lawyers are members," the visible membership is made up overwhelmingly of blue-collar, working-class people. There are even a few nonwhites, who tend to speak more openly and more strongly against negative trends within their own ethnic groups than do their white colleagues.

White or not, members profess strong beliefs in common law, private property and traditional Americanism (as they define it). They are incensed by interference with their attempts to structure their lives according to their own values, and they are tired of being scapegoats for a liberal, intellectual elite. "We just wanta live our own lives," explains a Petaluma man.

Above all, like their leftist counterparts, they express intense frustration at the size and impersonality of government, and are angered by the inability of individuals to be heard. Many are contemplating ventures into local politics, for they sense something is deeply wrong and they want to get America "back on the track."

The Posse has so far committed no violence, but members continue to bluster. Observed a Petaluma policeman during a recess in the Sampson trial: "They don't have IQ requirements; they don't test for mental stability, and they *are* armed. And they're pissed. That makes them dangerous." Demands Howard G. Sampson: "If God's for you, then who can be against you?" Then he adds: "There's always been a chosen few."

The sight of grown men desperate enough to pin on fake sheriffs' badges, strap on revolvers, and patrol their areas in official-appearing sedans should lead the rest of us to a serious re-examination of the forces that have produced such vigilante activities. If we don't, our own judgments become as shallow as many of theirs. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Raymond Chandler's Los Angeles

TOM S. RECK

No city lends itself more to metaphor than Los Angeles, and no writer has risen to the implicit challenge better than Raymond Chandler. The city is artificial in a quite literal sense. All its features, whether flora, fauna or freeway, have had to be imported because it is built on a desert where nothing grows naturally. Jailed off by the mountains into solitary confinement, it must pipe in its water and pump out its excrement. It is the only U.S. city where the freeways are not mere eyesores but part of the aesthetic (actually unaesthetic) principles of the place. They are organic, as it were. And Los Angeles is excessively vulnerable to the usual symbols of God's wrath: flash flood, fire, earthquake—plus such 20th-century plagues as smog, pollution, street violence and hip subcultures. As a former oasis, a paradise gone sour, it begs to be a metaphor. And if its contagious diseases have become common knowledge in the 1970s, Raymond Chandler was aware of its symbolic possibilities when he was writing his novels in the 1930s and 1940s.

Chandler is not always taken seriously as a writer because he worked in that suspect genre, detective fiction. The case for detective fiction as serious literature, for murder as metaphor, has been argued by Dorothy Sayers, David Madden and Joseph Wood Krutch, and the verdict in its favor is acceptable to anyone who has really considered the question. There has also been much discussion of Chandler's detective-hero, Philip Marlowe, who has been called an existential hero, a shopworn Galahad and an American Everyman. Finally Chandler's stylistic affinities with Hemingway have been explored.

But Chandler's role as Los Angeles laureate, especially interesting because he wrote of the city in scathing ridicule when it was still held to be "an Eden," has never been sufficiently explored. Chandler brings Los Angeles into focus. He is superior to Waugh, Fitzgerald, Huxley and West, whose general literary prestige has supported the assumption that they know best about Southern California. As Lawrence Powell says in *The Raymond Chandler Omnibus*, Chandler stops "the kaleidoscope so that we see the brilliant bits and pieces in perfect register." He fixes the city in a time capsule, so that its details cannot be erased by the ravages of time. His expertise is such that he can perceive the delicate differences between Pasadena, Santa Monica and Beverly Hills that make them separate entities within the larger envelope.

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But if Raymond Chandler's Los Angeles has some basis in reality, it is also a kind of hallucination, a returning nightmare—of what that particular city is to him and of what any place is capable of becoming. And he supports his vision by a close cataloguing of surface details, which in turn represent the internal sickness.

To begin with, Chandler the horticulturist sees Los Angeles as a botanical relief map, a kind of Kew Gardens, with specimens noted and labeled, and useful to Chandler's detective-hero in identifying each section of the city. The flora is also used symbolically to represent nature's purity, contrasted with the corruption of the civilization that has overgrown it. For example, this is what opens Chandler's *The Little Sister*:

> The fur stores are advertising their summer sales. The call houses that specialize in 16-year-old virgins are doing a land-office business. And in Beverly Hills the Jacaranda trees are beginning to bloom.

Besides the vegetation, the architecture of L.A. preoccupies Chandler. His sense of the murder house in *The Lady in the Lake* is not only architecturally typical of the city but symbolically suggests its chaos and its corruption:

> The house was built downwards, one of those clinging vine effects, with the front door a little below street level, the patio on the roof, the bedroom in the basement, and a garage like the corner pocket of a pool table.

The house's furnishings, which Chandler here and always notes with the eye of a decorator taking inventory, are evocative of the city's ostentation and tastelessness (apricot Chinese rugs, deep-sided chairs, white drum lamps, davenports in pale tan mohair, stucco archways with beaded curtains). These garish objects are worlds away from what ordinarily represent home and safety, and they signal danger and depravity. The city's hotels and apartment dwellings, in Chandler's eyes, are festering sores; and if they have fallen from a former elegance, their malevolence is heightened for him. Here is the hotel in *The Little Sister*:

> The memories of old cigars clung to its lobby like the dirty gilt on its ceilings. . . . The marble of the desk had turned a yellowish brown with age.

In *The High Window* Philip Marlowe enters a ratty hotel where nobody except people named Smith and Jones sign the register and where the night clerk is "half watchdog and half-pander." It has "hallways you could touch on both sides without stretching," and "rusted screens and dirty net curtains." Such descriptions are talismans of murder to come. The buildings are purgatories for the depraved; their disease is congenital and cannot be hidden by renovation or refurbishing—as the Chateau Bercy from *The Little Sister* proves. It houses the novel's cold-blooded killer despite the fact that it has been "made over" with "glass brick, cornice lighting" and a color scheme of "bile green, linseed-poultice brown, sidewalk gray and monkey-bottom blue." If the Hemingway hero's favorite emotion is that "cool, clear feeling," Marlowe's is disgust. And it is for that reason that he spends so much time in these offensive habitats and transmits their details with such relish. He is feeding his own habit of loathing.

Like the hotels and apartments, the office buildings of Los Angeles are up to no good. In *The Long Goodbye* a massive office building, whose ugliness is "deliberate and expensive," hides the Carne Organization—which specializes in protection for "the carriage trade, protection meaning almost anything with one foot inside the law." The Stockwell Building in *The Long Goodbye* is populated by abortionists and dope pushers posing as "urologists, dermatologists or any branch of medicine in which the treatment can be frequent and the regular use of local anesthetics is normal." The Fulwider Building in *The Big Sleep* has

> . . . plenty of vacancies or plenty of tenants who wished to remain anonymous. Painless dentists, shyster detective agencies, small sick businesses that had crawled there to die, mail order schools that would teach you how to become a railroad clerk or a radio technician or a screen writer—if the postal inspectors didn't catch up with them first.

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Chandler's buildings are not ships of fools but of degenerates, contemporary equivalents of Dante's Inferno, with sinners hiding behind the frosted glass doors. In *The High Window* the lettered names on the doors are a kind of heinous refrain that Marlowe reads aloud to himself each time he makes the journey past them down the hall to discover perversion and murder. He repeats to himself as he walks past:

> H. R. Teager, Dental Laboratories, L. Pridview, Public Accountant. Dalton and Rees, Typewriting Service. Dr. E. J. Blaskowitz, and underneath the name in small letters: Chiropractic Physician.

If Chandler makes the architecture of Los Angeles suggest its evil, he uses its odd natural terrain as a stage for assorted beatings and murders and other varieties of violence. There are within the city limits of L.A. mountain tops, deserted canyons, sinister cul-de-sacs, uninhabited and uninhabitable pockets, close to civilization but still apart from it, almost as agreed-upon sites for the murky business at hand, perfect places for profanation. In *Farewell, My Lovely*, Marlowe is taken to one of these sites to be beaten himself and to have his client killed.

> Purisima Canyon has a sort of level shaft at the inner end of it, they say. This is walled off from the road by a white fence of four-by-fours, but you can just squeeze by. A dirt road winds down into a little hollow and we are to wait there without lights. There are no houses around.

L.A. is in area the largest city in the country and its rapid growth has resulted in a cartographer's nightmare. It therefore makes sense that Chandler likes to tell you how to get around within the confines of his city. It is not only a kind of specialty of his but it also suggests the chaos of the city—and suggests the skill that needs to be exercised in his complicated and malevolent world. He tells you just how long it takes to get from one spot in the city to another, as if exaggerated familiarity with the terrain is required for survival in such a place. For example, in *The Big Sleep*:

> The coupe went west on the boulevard; which forced me to make a left turn. . . . I caught sight of him two or three times and then made him turning north into Laurel Canyon Drive. Halfway up the grade he turned left and took a curving ribbon of wet concrete which is called Laverne Terrace.

It is a kind of choreography, for a dance in and around and through a bed of hot coals.

Marlowe's eating habits also contribute to a spiteful vision of L.A. At a time considerably before L.A. became the procreator of "junk food" and franchised eateries, a veritable chorus line of Taco Bells, Dennys, McDonalds and Colonel Sanders, Chandler uses the city's food to represent its rottenness. In *The Long Goodbye*, he writes:

> The coffee was overstrained and the sandwich was as full of rich flavor as a piece off an old sheet.

And in *The Little Sister*:

> Down at the drugstore lunch counter I took time to inhale two cups of coffee and a melted cheese sandwich with two slivers of ersatz bacon imbedded in it, like dead fish in the silt at the bottom of a drained pool.

The fact that Marlowe continues to indulge in such a diet tells us all about his character. Part martyr and part sociologist, part arrogance and part piety —he seeks out what will reinforce his vision of a world gone awry. His disgust is always part delight, because it supports what he suspects. Los Angeles is a banquet for him.

As for the city's inhabitants, the rich among them are Chandler's special enemies. They are either his malefactors, aggressors in acts of violence and deceit, or they are his wards, unable to keep their houses in order and in need of the competent and responsible Marlowe. Either way, they get his disdain, and he is full of little asides about them. In *The Long Goodbye*, Marlowe tells a millionaire, "A man doesn't make your kind of money in any way I can understand." In *The High Window* he writes about Pasadena: "Nobody walked in that neighborhood, not even the mailman."

The California rich weave in and out of a Chandler novel, returning symbols that repel and fascinate him. The detective-martyr willingly lays himself down on their altar for sacrifice, as he does their dirty linen for them and then quietly removes himself without being paid or even thanked. He is a savior sent especially to walk on the water of L.A., offering up his palms for the affluent to drive nails through.

That the physicians of L.A. are among his favorite agents of evil is a nice irony, since Southern California is supposedly a health haven. They are never Marlowe's clients, but are often obstacles in his quest for truth and justice. In *Farewell, My Lovely*, a Dr. Sonderborg force-feeds Marlowe with dope at a swank prison/hospital. Oblivious of their Hippocratic oaths, Chandler's L.A. doctors use their skills to inflict slow torture. Dr. Allmore in *The Lady in the Lake* specializes in "people who are living on the raw edge of nervous collapse from drink and dissipation," and offers aid "as long as the money comes in, as long as the patient remains alive and reasonably sane."

The women of Los Angeles are further symbols of the city's psychosis. They evoke a sinister sexuality that comes from either frigidity or nymphomania, which for Chandler's purposes are not necessarily opposites. Miss Fromsett in *The Lady in the Lake* is typical; her clothing suggests the dangers of her sexuality. She wears "a steel gray business suit and under the jacket a dark blue shirt and a man's tie of a lighter shade. The edges of a folded handkerchief in the breast pocket looked sharp enough to slice bread." Meticulous but mannish, a foreboding fastidiousness, a deadly and diseased eroticism.

LEAVES

All my life one dream
and that dream death.
Last winter in Barcelona
among students in black capes,
the lights and the traffic like jazz,
we outwalked the evening.
All night horses went by in the dark.
At the edge of the city that morning
the gold walls,
the flowering vines,
the trees, the branches, the leaves
like masses,
like bells for the dead.

We have walked under leaves in cities,
sat in cafés while the leaves fell
and slept among leaves
There is our room at the top of the house
where the rain comes down.
There are wet leaves at the window,
shining and burning.

Once long ago in Vienna
we passed Freud in the street
walking with a beautiful woman, not his wife.
It was June. We took the tram
to feed ducks in the park
where small trees stood,
peaches and plums in the leaves.

All my life one dream
and that dream death.
A black horse, a long road, a tower.
I have smelled death in the garden,
I have eaten death,
its luminous root orange, purple and white.

This morning the birds are loud,
the leaves everywhere, plangent.
I dream in bed,
a man beside me with a windy breath.
I remember an inn.

Jane Hayman

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About Carmen Sternwood from *The Big Sleep* Chandler writes that her eyes "were slate gray and had almost no expression when they looked at me. She came over near me and smiled with her mouth and she had little sharp predatory teeth as white as fresh orange pith or as shiny as porcelain." A woman in *The Long Goodbye* treats Marlowe to a harangue that borders on the obscene: "She opened a mouth like a firebucket and laughed. That terminated my interest in her. I couldn't hear the laugh but the hole in her face when she unzippered her teeth was all I needed."

Chandler sees sex, Los Angeles style, as an evil like medical science: it has been corrupted from its proper functions of love and procreation. Sex is a distraction in Marlowe's quest for truth and purity. In *The Little Sister* Marlowe philosophizes, "Let's leave sex on one side. It's great stuff. Like chocolate sundaes. But there comes a time when you would rather cut your throat." And in *The Long Goodbye* we are given the most concise summary of Chandler on the subject of human sexuality:

> It's excitement of the highest order, but it's an impure emotion—impure in the aesthetic sense. I'm not sneering at sex. It's necessary and it doesn't have to be ugly. But it always has to be managed. Making it glamorous is a billion-dollar business and it costs every cent of it.

Los Angeles, the manufacturer of movie sex fantasies, the center of the country's sexual pulse and the mythic sex capital of the world, has betrayed the high purpose of sexuality.

There is a passage in *Farewell, My Lovely* which finds Marlowe in one of his bitter analytic moods (they usually occur late at night after a day in which he has gotten nowhere or somewhere he'd prefer not to have gotten). It sums up the pestilences of Los Angeles:

> I thought of dead eyes looking at a moonless sky, with black blood at the corners of the mouths beneath them. I though of nasty old women beaten to death against the posts of their dirty beds. I thought of a man with bright blond hair who was afraid and didn't quite know what he was afraid of, who was sensitive to know that something was wrong, and was too vain or too dull to guess what it was that was wrong. I thought of beautiful rich women who could be had. I thought of nice, slim curious girls who lived alone and could be had too, in a different way. I thought of cops, tough cops, that could be greased and yet were not by any means all bad. Fat prosperous cops with Chamber of Commerce voices like Chief Wax. Slim, smart and deadly cops like Randall, who for all their meanness and smartness were not free to do a clean job in a clean way. I thought of sour old goats like Nulty who had given up trying. I thought of Indians and psychics and dope doctors.

Although Marlowe is the city's Jeremiah, exposing its fetidness, and prophesying its doom, he sometimes, as this passage suggests, seems himself tainted by his close proximity, as a doctor might contract a disease unawares from an infected patient. But there can be no question about the skill with which his author has etched for us the landscape of his Los Angeles, his city of devils, naturalistic or fantastic, real or imagined. The flora: hydrangea, jacaranda, bougainvillaea. The fauna: the decadent rich, the desperate poor, the corrupt cops. The architecture: stucco bungalows, Santa Monica mansions, sinister office buildings. It is not necessary to verify the accuracy of the Chandler vision. He is a good social critic, but more than that he is an artist. And so, if his Los Angeles is mainly a picture of purgatory, onto which he pinned the label of Los Angeles, that does not detract from his portrait of fallen man and the banality of evil. □

Ugly Duckling of the Fabulists

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN: *The Story of his Life and Work. By Elias Bredsdorff. Charles Scribner's Sons. 376 pp. $10.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS

When Hans Christian Andersen was 50 years old and nearly at the zenith of an unparalleled international reputation, he published his final autobiography, *The Fairy Tale of My Life*, whose opening line ran: "My life is a beautiful fairy tale, rich and happy."

On the surface nothing could have seemed more delightfully apt or true. The son of a cobbler and washerwoman, Andersen left his home in Odense to pursue a theatrical career in Copenhagen. It was 1819 and he was then 14. A gangling youth in search of a patron,

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THE DARKEST DREAM

I used this word, "joy,"
as my argument.
But misery lacks words—
there's no debate.

I used it, next,
as my talisman.
But misery is blind—
there's no remission.

And then, suddenly,
I could no longer say
it even to you—
so mute is misery.

M.L. Rosenthal

his garments threadbare and himself often hungry, he haunted stage doors and waiting rooms, singing and declaiming verses to leading theatrical personalities. At 16 he became a kind of chorus boy in the Royal Theatre; at 17 he was released, and through the intercession of Jonas Collin, a wealthy Copenhagen businessman, granted tuition to attend the grammar school at Slagelse in the hopes of making him a useful citizen. Andersen had already written several (unproduced) tragedies for the stage and published two books of poems; he longed to become a writer—the stringent admonitions of Collin and the school's headmaster, Meisling, to the contrary. At 22 he was back in Copenhagen, being privately tutored and eventually attending the university. He wrote poems, novels, travel books and plays, and toured the Continent from 1833 to 1835. Success came in 1835 with *Improvisatore*, a novel about Italy; and in that same year he published the first of his stories and fairy tales that were eventually to make the shoemaker's son be courted by kings and princes, and to spread the name of Andersen from Copenhagen to Kurdistan.

Andersen was the hero of one of his most famous tales, "The Ugly Duckling." But the stages through which he passed to become a swan were not quite as he retailed them in his three autobiographies, each progressively more sentimentalized and romanticized as he became a Danish institution and perhaps the most widely read author in the world. A man given to introspection, doubt, despair, Andersen nevertheless wished to think of his troubled life as having been suffused with a rosy glow. Or so we learn from Elias Bredsdorff's stimulating book, the fullest biography of Andersen in any language to date. Bredsdorff has culled from hundreds of letters and from diaries another Andersen not known to the public—shown us the dark side of the moon, and a life as complex and odd as the strange, allegorical tales that Andersen wrote to mirror it.

His origins, for example, were not only lowly and homely but downright seedy. Bredsdorff writes:

> Andersen's background was, from a social point of view, the lowest of the low: grinding poverty, slums, immorality and promiscuity. His grandmother was a pathological liar, his grandfather insane, his mother ended by becoming an alcoholic, his aunt ran a brothel in Copenhagen, and for years he was aware that somewhere a half-sister existed who might suddenly turn up and embarrass him in his new milieu—a thought which haunted his life and dreams.

An outsider by birth, Andersen remained one in his own mind, even at the height of his fame. The blots on the family escutcheon made him hypersensitive to class barriers and distinctions; yet while he slavishly admired royalty and believed—in keeping with his devout belief in God—that kings were absolute by divine right, he found the aristocracy that coddled him to be hollow, haughty, snobbish and vain, and satirized them, directly or indirectly, in many of his tales.

No one, however, was vainer than Andersen himself. It was a childlike vanity, a naïveté that convinced him from his earliest years that he was the center of interest to everyone he met. Such flaming egotism drove him on to become the great writer he was, and when he arrived made him a social snob *par excellence*. His vanity made him love to be photographed; once led him to cross the street in Copenhagen and buttonhole a nodding acquaintance to tell him that he (Andersen) had finally been translated into Spanish; continually prompted him to inveigh mercilessly against literary critics—the great Georg Brandes for one—who wrote anything negative about his work. From accounts of contemporaries, Dickens included, it is clear that Andersen's simplicity could be disarming at one moment, annoying the next. Until his later years, when he was the grand old man of letters, he wore better during brief encounters or at a distance.

That was the great irony of Andersen's life. The man who through his tales became dear to millions, children and adults alike, was never able to find fulfillment in personal relationships. His closest female friend was Henriette Wulff, a hunchbacked woman of breeding and learning, who became his spiritual sister and corresponded with him from 1830 to 1858, the year she was drowned while crossing to America. The three women whom, at one point or another in his life, he wished to marry—Riborg Voigt; Louise Collin; Jenny Lind, "the Swedish Nightingale"—all rejected him. Why? Perhaps because of his looks, his awkwardness, his simplicity. In any case, he never married but remained a lonely, restless bachelor and probably a virgin: partly out of the desire to keep himself pure for his art, partly for fear of letting his "blood" run roughshod over his reason, partly so he could stay "a good boy" in the eyes of the Collin family. Indeed, his greatest passion was for Jonas Collin's son, Edvard, with whom Andersen exchanged letters for nearly fifty years. The relationship was a stormy one, *odi et amo*; some of Andersen's earlier biographers have implied it was homosexual, but Bredsdorff is convincing in arguing against that thesis.

Besides his difficult personal relations, he had quirks by the score. He refused to eat pork for fear of trichinae. He suffered from agoraphobia and the fear of being buried alive—the latter to the extent that he occasionally "would put a notice on his bedside table with the words *'Jeg er skindød'* ('I am not really dead')." He was mortally afraid of being trapped by fire, and always carried a rope in his trunk so that he could tie it "to a window-bar and climb down." He suffered all his life from raging toothaches which supported a general hypochondria. And most obsessive was his firm belief that, like his grandfather before him, he would go insane. Andersen's *idées fixes* and his nervous disorders may well have been the source of his spiritual and moral conflicts. In some ways he was riddled with the pessimism and dualism of another great Danish contemporary, Søren Kierkegaard.

Nor would Bredsdorff find it inappropriate to include Andersen among the thinkers and stylists of his time. The last 70 pages of the biography are given over to discussing the scope and depth of the tales (wide and profound), correcting inaccurate traditions concerning their origins (varied, but mostly originating in the great author's imagination), analyzing their meanings (multitudinous), and assessing the overall reliability and quality of their translations (from awful to Grimm). On the matter of translation Bredsdorff is patient, cogent and outraged. Although Andersen was often sentimental to the point of doddering, he was also witty sensuous, colloquial and (in Danish at least) not always for the kiddies. His

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unique tales seem to have been put through the meat grinder by overzealous, puritanical and ignorant Victorian translators who "bowdlerized, mistranslated, over-translated, and sentimentalized" them. In effect, these translators—most of them women—put Andersen into the nursery and stifled his profounder appeal. Bredsdorff gives some samples of his own translations and examples of other "good" ones; nevertheless they will hardly convince most readers that Andersen belongs with Hugo and Dickens.

One must admire Bredsdorff's hobbyhorse, although one need not ride it. In any case, time has bestowed on Andersen a particular and unique immortality, which may be enough. We lisp his "Nightingale" and "The Emperor's New Clothes" and his "Ugly Duckling" years before we are led to *Les Misérables* or *David Copperfield*. There is indeed much to admire in a writer who can amuse and instruct generation after generation. And Bredsdorff has immensely broadened our knowledge of Andersen as a man and a writer, and written a book that is scholarly, perceptive, informative and never dull. □

The Natural History of Ideas

EINSTEIN AND THE GENERATIONS OF SCIENCE. *By Lewis S. Feuer. Basic Books. 374 pp. $12.95.*

MARTIN LEBOWITZ

Lewis S. Feuer is a professor of sociology in Toronto rather than a physicist. As a result, his book concentrates on the history and psychology of ideas rather than their technical features and scientific validity. The book is a study in the sociology of thought whose thesis is Freudian in affirming that "the greatest scientists of our century have had the character of generational revolutionists; their bursts of scientific creative energies were symbiotic with generational movements in their contemporaneous social and political worlds." In consequence, Feuer's book is largely free of technical difficulties and accessible to the general reader, who will find its enormous erudition fascinating, and helpful in furthering his understanding of the intellectual and ideological history of our century.

Feuer's refusal to judge scientific ideas on their intellectual merits alone is stimulating and liberating. For example, we learn that Pierre Duhem, the eminent historian and philosopher of science, questioned Einstein's special theory of relativity, shortly after the theory was published in 1905, on rather interesting grounds. Duhem maintained that no experiment could be crucial in favor of the relativity theory because, in scientific work, one can never confirm or invalidate an isolated proposition. Moreover, Duhem felt an aesthetic loss when the classical concept of space and time was sacrificed; he preferred a radical revision of theoretical assumptions that would allow absolute space and time to survive.

Typical of Feuer's point of view in this volume is his remark that Duhem, a devout Catholic, spoke in this matter for the conservative older generation in France, which was anti-democratic and anti-republican. Duhem was also an anti-Dreyfusard, and a reader of the anti-Semitic newspaper *La Libre Parole*. Significantly enough, Duhem felt that the younger physicists enjoyed overthrowing the "intuitions of common sense," a significant remark when one remembers that Einstein himself considered his theory an amusing reversal of conventional judgments.

The profoundly and indeed uniquely psychological emphasis—possibly an overemphasis—of Feuer's sociology of knowledge is illustrated in the following passage:

> . . . ultimate methodological differences cannot in the last analysis be resolved. . . . Each school, founded on its respective emotion . . . wishes to regard physical reality in a certain way; each school is a gamble with the unknown, an act of faith at its maximum in the character of the universe, and at its minimum, in the next stage of science; each school hopes to objectify in the physical reality that it would discover an embodied counterpart of the emotional longings of its subjective life.

We are told that Einstein came to intellectual maturity in an environment charged with the revolutionary philosophy of his cosmopolitan, bohemian friends and fellow students—that of Zurich at the turn of the century. The subjective relation between personal ambition and socialist idealism in this milieu is, if anything, underestimated by Feuer despite his psychological preoccupations. It is also a question whether the subjectivist spirit of Feuer's sociology of knowledge is not in itself a feature of the cultural phenomenon he is describing—a possibly unprecedented purposefulness in humanity's relation to itself, society, and the world of nature.

In any event, the other great scientists discussed in this book—Niels Bohr, Werner Heisenberg and Louis de Broglie—are viewed in the light of the intellectual climate of their student circles. Bohr shared a great enthusiasm for Kirkegaard with his Copenhagen *Ekliptika* circle of twelve fellow students; Heisenberg was inspired by the idealist, anti-Marxist outlook of his comrades in the German Youth Movement; de Broglie was associated with the young Bergsonians of the Third French Republic. Feuer refrains from using the word "sublimation"; yet he implies that the highly speculative scientific activity of this period was a kind of imaginative gratification enjoyed by persons who were in

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conflict with themselves and their society.

Feuer quotes Einstein's friend Solovine to the effect that the theory of relativity evolved from Einstein's predilection for the genetic (or temporal or historical) method in examining fundamental notions—the unsophisticated view of a child. Einstein's guide in this matter was the eminent philosopher of science Ernst Mach who was the tutelary genius of Einstein's generation of physicists. The point is that Mach's genetic approach had destroyed the hold of traditional absolutes. In addition, one infers from Feuer's view that the genetic concern of science and methodology, epitomized by pragmatism in our time, is an index of the fact that modern life is increasingly problematic to those who experience it.

Philosophy appears to have influenced Niels Bohr's physics through his association with his famous professor, Harald Hoffding, who, besides being an eminent historian of philosophy, was also a distinguished interpreter of Denmark's greatest intellectual figure, Søren Kierkegaard. Feuer compares Hoffding's position in Danish thought to that of his friend William James in America, in the sense that both believed that existence is too diverse and many-sided to be encased within a system. Bohr's historic principle of complementarity, first formulated in response to laboratory evidence that atomic particles display the inconsistent properties of waves on the one hand and material objects on the other, said in essence that our knowledge of physical nature must forever remain contradictory and incomplete. The principle was an affirmation of Kierkegaard's subjectivism. Here again Feuer suggests that the subjectivism of modern philosophy, its intense psychological concern, is a romantic expression of moral doubt.

Werner Heisenberg's principle of indeterminacy was based on the fact that scientists using light beams to locate the positions or measure the momenta of electrons confront an unavoidable inaccuracy because of the unpredictable effects of the measuring process on the things measured. A variety of doubtful metaphysical conclusions were drawn from this circumstance not only by Heisenberg but also by philosophically oriented interpreters of science like Arthur Eddington and Bertrand Russell, both of whom suggested that atoms behaved as though they had free will. Eddington argued that moral optimism and human freedom were restored as a consequence of atomic indeterminacies. Einstein—a convinced determinist—was of course the most eminent and persistently thoughtful opponent of Heisenberg's principle.

Feuer explicitly relates the genesis of this principle to the Bavarian socialist revolution of November 1918, led by Kurt Eisner. He makes the claim that "without Eisner . . . without the soviet republic . . . no anti-Semitic Nazi dictatorship" would have developed. Heisenberg's principle is viewed as reflecting the "indeterminacy" of the political situation in Germany, together with the scientist's counterrevolutionary idealism, his deep ethnic and historical identification with the German people "in all their moods, exaltations, even irrationalities."

Perhaps the most startling view of the implications of the principle of indeterminacy was that of P. W. Bridgman, who felt that "the . . . concept [of identity] seems to lose all meaning in terms of actual operations on this level of experience." Bridgman's seems to support Feuer's account of the influence of Bergsonian thought—particularly in the case of Louis de Broglie—in that Bergson's philosophy of instinct and his anti-intellectualism appear to have an analogy in the paradoxical information we have about quantum and wave mechanics. De Broglie's association of "the point of view of waves with that of corpuscles" also illustrates Feuer's historical or "generational" hypothesis in the sense that the theory of wave mechanics is revolutionary and yet profoundly affected by traditionalist motives—as it were, the standpoint of an "aristocratic revolutionist" who traced his ancestry to the nobility of the tenth century.

Now, it is a question whether or not this volume strengthens the dominant contemporary belief that scientific knowledge is partly an expression of social conditions and personal preferences. It is difficult but nevertheless essential to interpret the paradoxical fact that knowledge is at once a revelation of truth and a product of personality and culture. How can knowledge be both subjective and realistic, and perpetually in process of correction and reformulation? The answer might be that, as Aristotle asserted, knowledge itself is teleological, a purposeful response to specific realities, both internal and external. This view is hard to clarify, but it is certainly compatible with Feuer's sociology—or, really, psychology—of knowledge. □

ARCHITECTURE / JANE HOLTZ KAY

"Suppose they built a New Town and nobody came?," I wondered as I saw the buildings rise on Roosevelt Island in the East River between Manhattan and Queens. They were gloomy, almost spectral structures as they stepped across the sky—fog-colored forms suggesting the eerie vision of a $250-million ghost town.

The plans of the blue-ribbon architects picked by Edward Logue, head of the Urban Development Corporation, to create this visionary New Town on New York's Welfare Island (now named Roosevelt) seemed equally wraithlike. Its novel architectural notions—a walking city, without cars, a new Main Street with an urban mix of rich and poor, old and young—had lost their pizzazz in the agency's, the city's, time of troubles. In physical fact, too, the island had lost its South Town. The urban section of shops, offices, hotel and 2,900 units of housing has never risen there, and may never rise: gone with it, some said, was the glamour that would lure New Yorkers to the 147 island acres.

Still, where penitentiary and hospital had stood for a century, people have been making the contorted twenty-minute car trip from Manhattan through Queens on fall Sundays. The island's classrooms are open. More than half the 400 units now ready (out of a total 2,100) are rented. And, in another month—just after the first of the year, they say—the tram sitting in its woodshed will come out like a Swiss toy: it will carry riders back and forth between the island and Manhattan along wires that parallel the Queensboro Bridge—a three-minute ride for a 50¢ token.

What will the visitors find on the 2.5-mile-by-800-foot little island? What is the quality of the architecture? To give the answer quickly, they will find an O.K. place. The island that Edward Logue developed as the "crown jewel" of the UDC will remain, even if the agency proves no more substantial than a soap bubble. It will remain a more than mere architecture and more than the dozen design names called to put pen to paper by this Pope Julius of public housing. Roosevelt Island, as master-planned by Philip Johnson, is a place that turns its assets, largely water and trees, into an ambience; it is a place that creates the first Main Street in decades, and that settles mass housing off its urban turf. Never forget that 90 per cent of the complex is subsidized housing: 45 per cent middle and upper income, 45 per cent moderate and lower, 10 per cent elderly. Then compare it to our affluent enclaves—or

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• When my last issue was delayed a few days, I discovered how much I depend on HARPER'S WEEKLY. I was a nervous wreck. **Please** don't ever send my copy late again!—**Robert Nash, Fayetteville, NY.**

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• In one year, HARPER'S WEEKLY has given me the courage 1) to write a children's book; 2) teach a seminar for government secretaries; 3) take legal steps to use my maiden name instead of my married name. I wonder whether you ever expected to have such influence on your readers.—**Mary G. Overfield, Henderson, Ky.**

• It was exciting to see my words printed in a national publication. But the best reward was still to come: nine incredibly varied people (aged 18 to 52) took the time to reply personally.—**Christine Parker, Fulton, NY.**

• This issue tells me two things. HARPER'S WEEKLY has good editors and there are **tons** of people out there just waiting to educate me. Thank you for this wonderful opportunity. HW is a forum I'd find it hard to live without.—**Carol B. Icard, Dalton, Ma.**

• I am truly amazed at your wealth of subjects. I devour the letters and articles from those who have a compulsion like mine—to share their minds and hearts, to expose their vulnerability a little, to sound off explosively. When I agree, I've found a friend. When I disagree, I've found a reason to re-examine my own view.—**Estelle Pfetsch, Niagara Falls, NY.**

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• I'm so pleased with HARPER'S WEEKLY that I sent my renewal check gift-wrapped. Getting HW is like getting a present every week, and I wanted to return the favor.—**Kathleen Marquardt, West Allis, Wisc.**

• By the time my copy arrives on Saturday afternoon, I've read all the other hogwash that came during the week. That makes HARPER'S WEEKLY seem like strawberry shortcake after eating a supper of cold mashed potatoes.—**Darius Petty, Great Barrington, Ma.**

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waterless waterfronts, our grim Co-op Cities, our sidewalk-less suburbs, our Disneyland developments—and it is clear that Roosevelt Island has avoided many of the sterile formulas of the decade.

Whether walking down a Main Street that is closed to cars or sitting in attractive apartments overlooking mini-parks with water at either side, there is the much sought sense-of-place about this place. Even when a rainy day casts the world in gloom, the Island Town is comfortable; its Main Street is almost homey in a way quite unimaginable when peering at it from across the channel.

Main Street is indeed the center of Roosevelt Island's North Town, as simple storefronted strips have always been in America. The town's apartments, courtyards, schools and walkways to the water lead from it. And much like any pioneer village, they center on this street. One side even has an arcade for cover. Soon to be serviced by electric busses (cars must go in the garage at the island's end) Main Street is this country's first new urban pedestrian street in decades. And it has been force-fed to work, as our raveling Main Streets have not.

Main Street is, in the first place, narrow. One is confined by the shops on the ground floor and made to sense a city. There are no breaks (no gap-toothed effect from parking lots) as the buildings edge along. Most important, perhaps, this Main Street zigzags. It is crooked enough to relieve any oppression from the larger forms of housing that rise off it. The walker "z's" down its sidewalks between the apartments. Where housing lines it, the street opens for views of U-shaped courtyards, low-rise school and day-care cube structures, park space or water in a carefully calculated way. On the Manhattan side of Main Street are 20-story structures, mostly by Johansen and Bhavnani, which move in and out, their entrances set into the street in a waving manner. Across the street, on the Queens side, are stepped high-rises by José Luis Sert. They grow from the arcade.

As you walk along Main Street, then, the architecture speaks in many tongues. There is the language of Johansen-Bhavnani's jagged west side buildings done in materials of a harsh New World industrial idiom; and there are Sert's structures hewing to the zigzag street like a Mediterranean village. Somehow, the two languages, the massive apartments and the smaller bits and pieces also tucked into the layout (a preserved church, the school pods, the courtyards) do not create chaos. Somehow, the variety holds together. Main Street laces the structures together; the varied design creates liveliness of form and increasingly, as more shops come, of function. There is just enough composure—composition, if you will—to make the pedestrian comfortable.

"No one of us thought it would turn out as well as it did," Logue admits. Remarkably, a New Town that critics warned would be tyrannized by too much architecture—too many "helter-skelter" buildings despoiling the small wooded space fitted out on a lower scale by the early Philip Johnson-John Burgee master plan—does not destroy either one's sense of self or the sense of islandness all about.

Unscrambling just exactly who did what to produce this result is like unscrambling a soufflé by a dozen master chefs, each of whom is taking just a little too much credit for the mix. Suffice to say that without Johnson enforced by Logue the mix would have collapsed. The juxtaposition of housing by two design firms (Johansen and Sert) in a plan by a third (Johnson) . . . with landscaping by a fourth (Zion and Breen) . . . ground level spaces by a fifth and sixth (Daniel Kiley and Lawrence Halprin) . . . restoration by a seventh (Giorgio Cavaglieri) . . . a garage by an eighth (Kallmann and McKinnell) and a tot lot by an umpteenth (Nicholas Cornell) . . . etc. . . . might have been a hodgepodge. Indeed, with one style west, one east, the cross-channel from Manhattan view is not inspiring; below, too, at some juncture there is irresolution and awkwardness. The façade of Johansen's island is bleakly streamlined and its panel system and detailing looks more Detroit than "designy." "Severe," says Bhavnani. Similarly, some of Sert's courtyards seem rather barren.

In an undertaking so immense praise and criticism can be scattered like grains of salt, and itemization takes forever. But by and large, and at ground level—where people shake hands with their architecture—there are signs of caring. Along the crooked Main Street, especially, one is sheltered and served by design. Ground spaces, ground covers, materials and textures are exceptional. There is, for one item, a brick paving along Main Street. The z-shaped bricks are a grayish pink and set into one another in a warm contrast to ordinary pavement. Though the shops are not set up yet, their windows are welcoming, as are the entrances to apartments and the courtyards.

As with the street, so with the open spaces adjacent to it. Move off Main Street to left or right, into the U-shaped courtyards or other open spaces and you see the same care. Enter the apartments and, alas, the interiors fall below this standard. They are less exhilarating. Maybe it is just that a high-rise apartment is a high-rise apartment, but still. . . .

In their favor: windows open and views are good, sometimes spectacularly so, and an effort has been made to avoid long, boring corridors. Nonetheless, most of the units are simply the packaging of people, boxlike, routine shapings salvaged here and there by those views. The outsides stand in relief from the dreary deadlock of public housing or the pandering to the lowest tastes of formula real estate units; but the insides seem only a shade superior to the market whose prices they parallel. Anyone hankering for an elegant doorknob, a bit of molding, fine bathroom tile, an unexpected corner, or like niceties had better look elsewhere. You can get more space here for more money, of course, and there are walk-in closets and eat-in kitchens in some apartments, but most of them are best shrugged off as mediocre. (Not so easily shrugged off, of course, is the fact that there is no really novel or agreeable way to live with small children in 20-story apartments—courtyards or day-care centers notwithstanding.)

The overriding irony of the interiors, however, is that Sert's low- and middle-income apartments (not Johansen's posh quarters or the middle and upper units by both firms) are the best in the place. Because he did not have to hew to the marketplace, Sert could use here his ingenious skip-step elevator method.

This design lands tenants on only one of three floors; hence, only that floor needs a corridor. From this single corridor, one-third of the tenants walk a flight up; one-third a flight down. Those living up or down get homes that run from wall to wall. Windows are front and back like a town house. Light penetrates; air circulates, perhaps without the need for air conditioning.

Given this relative freedom, Sert made kitchens to hold a table. He cut through walls to leave openings where one can see two views. These are niceties that compensate for some smallness, the murmur of the Big Allis generator out the window (the richer folks get to look at Manhattan) and the fact that the sunlight is somewhat obscured by the height.

Across Main Street, as said, the full-paying customers get their standard square footage, standard-priced boxes, and may furnish them in the bad baroque or pseudo-Bloomingdale's shown in the décor of the model apartments. Commerce reigns.

It was, of course, the will—or whim

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of iron—of Edward Logue that most of Roosevelt Island avoided such commercial inanities: it was he who hard-lined the pedestrian orientation; he who secured the Buck Rogers technology of a pneumatic garbage system that whisks away trash to a central locale (no garbage cans); who coordinated the cable TV, electric mini-busses, tramway, etc., and arranged Manhattan's only open-class school rooms. The schools are located in separate "pods" for 225 kids scattered in and out of the Main Street housing. Their locale, educators feel, will make the street and school alike a learning experience.

In the end, it is Logue, alone among all the public agency people in the country, who aimed for and somehow pulled such novelties into a town-like, architect-designed quality-minded place.

Let others deal with UDC's financial disaster. Whatever his aesthetic arbitrariness ("when Ed Logue says 'jump,' you jump first and then ask how many feet" went the saying among architects); whatever his money troubles at UDC, Logue cares for excellence. He opted for a humane environment, for rich and poor, old and young. He is—or was for years—alone in officialdom in heeding the need for it; he was also alone in inviting independent researchers and analysts at Cornell and elsewhere to see if the agency was providing it once the buildings rose.

Finally, Logue alone could out-Moses Robert Moses in maneuvering this kind of place from a populace that didn't want public housing (it *did* want Moses's highways, you may recall). In an era that didn't understand urban spaces and ignored pedestrians, he provided for both. What other official would have dared exclude dogs for their uncivil, anti-pedestrian ways? How many builders have created places where people will rub shoulders with their economic and age opposites?

Be the economic outcome what it may, then, there is no question that Logue muscled the decade's vanguard social and architectural notions through the political system: Bury it, berm it, angle it, plant it, save it were the cries of the hour in the leading design schools. I think that I shall never see a building lovely as a tree is the mode of the New Humbleness in design today. It is, I guess, an updated Jane Jacobean search for community spaces translated into a new territoriality, a new search for a sense of place.

Roosevelt Island, despite its density, despite its divorce from its original $375 million urban destiny, is now made tenable by Logue's sticking to these notions: it is, in short, the grown-in-ness of the place that softens the raw architecture. It is the retaining of the few old dwellings and outcroppings of nature that relieve the unremitting newness (a bank of trees lining the courtyard of the Johansen building leads the eye away from the too-tall tower massing; the sod planted in a Sert courtyard lessens the coldness of the space crossed by x-shaped asphalt paths, and so on). "It was like a student project where they give you a piece of land and say 'start,'" Diane Porter, now the UDC's chief planner for the settlement, describes the origins.

Knowing the odds against starting from scratch, Johnson, the designer, and Logue, the executor, clutched onto the existing small structures and plantings on the island, for good—and, some thought, frill. The 19th-century Church of the Good Shepherd (Cavaglieri's elegant restoration) and its plaza, for instance, are much the finest in town. The $250,000 restoration of the original Blackwell House produced a rather slick Williamsburg piece, to my mind, but the park (which Logue had ripped out and redone), the trees and greenery he saved, the costly sod he laid, and so forth, pay double the price in quality.

How will people react to all this once the pioneering days are done and living begins? Will niceties of design compensate for deficiencies? Will amenities and open zones give good living despite the lack of South Town shops that might have made this more than an appendage to Manhattan?

The doctrine of the hour, in architecture as in politics, is (to quote Jerry Brown's bible): *Small Is Beautiful.* Today, the voices of enlightenment argue against high-rise, high-density towers. In design, as in social philosophy, we are moving toward an era of increment rather than exciting island experiments. Will Roosevelt Island work as an enhanced Manhattan—the East Side spruced up? Or a chic Scarsdale? Or something better? Or worse? Will people come? Will they stay? Will they be happy? Suppose they build . . . what?

No one knows the answers. Logue himself "loves the place," but hedges: "If they promote it properly," he says. He is sure that developers will tack on to the utilities and facilities he built and finish the place. Most others disagree.

Still, no one can erase the deeper questions. For nowhere else does one have a more intriguing case study of the integration of architecture and larger issues. If people come, they will come for design plus. They will come for the attractions mentioned: siting, streetscape and the sizzle (new schools, pools, parks, water) and because they cannot be found across the river in Manhattan. They will come for security and community—and, again, their absence on the mainland. "If a crime is committed on the island, it can be sealed off," says more than one architect. "We can outlast any area of the city," planner Porter boasts of the immunity to garbage strikes.

But—and this is to its credit—Roosevelt Island is no suburban retreat; it is not simply a new Great Neck or Darien for urbanites in a state of siege. This scrap, this half-a-loaf North Town may

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remain a touch or two away from being a town, but it is still not merely the glorified suburbs of "New Towns" at Reston or Columbia near Washington, D.C. Island Town will be a tram ride from Manhattan and, though lacking the context of a truly walking, working city, it is no steamship in the sea, no country villa.

Nowhere in America have we built anything like this place for a *non*-elite. Nowhere have we ladled out the best goodies that architects and a master builder could come up with to so wide a range of incomes. Whatever its troubles, Roosevelt Island can be proud of that, and pleased that it relates more to the democratic Main Streets of generations past than do the tight little suburban islands of the last three decades. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Mark di Suvero's sculpture can be seen at a dozen sites over New York City and at the Whitney Museum until February 8. At a moment of unprecedented interest in public art his work has come to seem like a test case of art's successful penetration of the civic environment. One reason for this is the clarity of his works when seen out of doors; they are big, bright—often painted orange—and robust, commanding large public places easily. Many 20th-century sculptures, when put out in modern cities, have faded away; either they are not big enough or their surface and form are too delicate to compete with the unregulated surroundings. Aside from the raw clarity of his material, his work is graphic, with a condensed referential level, such as X-marks-the-spot, or an exclamation point, or a man waving a flag. James Monte in the Whitney catalogue refers to Buster Keaton's sight gags, which make a nice equivalent of this exclamatory sculpture. This aggressive image-making potential is essential for the survival of public art and di Suvero, whose early sculpture was influenced by Franz Kline's zigzagging calligraphy, has it. And a series of early clenched, clutching, or pierced hands at the Whitney suggests a temperament basically Expressionist.

A recurrent reference in his best sculpture is that of a catapult: such machines often stood on three legs, represented a primitive technology and implied the vectors along which discharged missiles would be transmitted. That is pretty much like a di Suvero. His big sculptures are frequently tripodic, with a lingering touch of the jungle gym. One of the best sited of his outdoor pieces, at Joyce Kilmer Park in the Bronx (161st Street and Grand Concourse), is used by children for climbing and one view of it is from a concrete jungle gym above the sculpture. Here di Suvero's early play sculpture, related to the beach in California, preserves a sense of accessibility in the late structures. Another successful siting is at Astoria Park, Queens, where grass areas slope down to the river, spanned on one side by the Triborough Bridge and on the other by the Hellgate. Between them, a di Suvero sculpture juts up dramatically, like David.

I have seen the sculptures in Manhattan, the Bronx and Queens, eight in all, but not, at the time of writing, three in Brooklyn and one on Staten Island. The Bronx site, a rocky promontory, and Astoria Park are the two most effective relationships of sculpture to environment. Not bad are the sites in Flushing Meadow, one near the New York State Pavilion and one near the old Aquacade building. Both are bright orange pieces, located vividly but traditionally in the park. One looks very pretty across the pool on which the aquacade once took place. On the Seagram Plaza (Park Avenue and 53rd Street) a hefty sculpture towers above the newly installed Christmas trees, the orange and rusty steel, massive bolts, dark lumber and bright steel cables contrasting with the velvety nuances of the shadowy Mies van der Rohe foyer behind it. At all three places the sculptures look good but depend too much on the contrast of shaggy sculpture-smooth architecture, bright color-natural hue, which are conventional resources in the siting of sculpture.

In Conservatory Park (Fifth Avenue and 105th Street) an impressive sculpture stands in the center of a little formal garden snipped out of Central Park: the juxtaposition is entirely inappropriate. It converts di Suvero's piece into the equivalent of a long-range catapult, camouflaged by being set in a sunken garden. The piece on the Battery suffers from being visible from only one side, beyond "keep off the grass" signs. It suffers too from being only just off the axis established by the big Navy and Coast Guard war memorial and the Statue of Liberty. Thus the public function of the di Suvero is annulled by the proximity of real functioning public works as well as by the pictorialism on one-side-only viewing. The piece on Hammarskjöld Plaza (Second Avenue and 47th Street) is too small and gets lost.

The Seagram piece is entitled "Praise for Elohim Adonai" and when the wind blows, the top half of the structure, balanced on an apex, turns smoothly, though very heavy, suggesting by its motion an irresistible power. A cosmology is implied by the sculpture in a condensed mode. Another example of this graphism is di Suvero's "Homage to the Viet Cong" at the Whitney in which a vertical form, somewhat bodylike, is attached to a diagonal beam which is joined to another beam resting on the floor like a broom or cowcatcher or snowplow. The image implies a sweeping out, a clearing away, obviously of American forces in Vietnam. Di Suvero is a political as well as a public artist and at this point the complexities of political art in the second half of the 20th century seem to defeat him.

Di Suvero left the United States in the early 1970s as a protest against American involvement in Vietnam. Now he has returned. Does this mean that he is satisfied with the situation in Southeast Asia, as negotiated by Mr. Kissinger for President Nixon? Is the war really over? Is the ethical problem of American intervention settled? Why did di Suvero not stay in the United States and resist? Why withhold himself? These questions present themselves because of the ostentation of his return. His exhibition must be one of the most costly that the Whitney Museum has ever mounted, with big sculptures transported from Europe and points around America. The catalogue records a barrage of institutional and corporate support: from the National Endowment for the Arts and the New York State Council on the Arts; the Seatrain shipyards in Brooklyn provided space for assembly and Tishman Realty & Construction Co. and Con Ed provided equipment for installing the monsters. Thus, whatever meanings di Suvero may attribute to his art, it seems that work at this scale has to depend on the governmental and business structure from which, a few years ago, he recoiled. He is in fact a celebrity, whose protest has led him to an unrivaled peak of conspicuous patronage. □

GOGOL'S COAT

I mean to imagine the wilderness
where trees are not trees when touched.
The lover's longing when he wakes
with his head on her belly, his hand lost
in that dark. How then most of all
the trees are not trees when touched.

I think of Gogol's clerk
whose desire, for a skin so exquisite
all Russia's winds would brush off his chest
like a kiss, is the lover's to be inside
where the trees are trees when touched.

How as he stands before the mirror
and sees himself inside the coat, at last,
the salt of stars on his tongue, he remains
himself the clerk when touched, but loves
the coat which cannot be forgiven.

Philip Schultz

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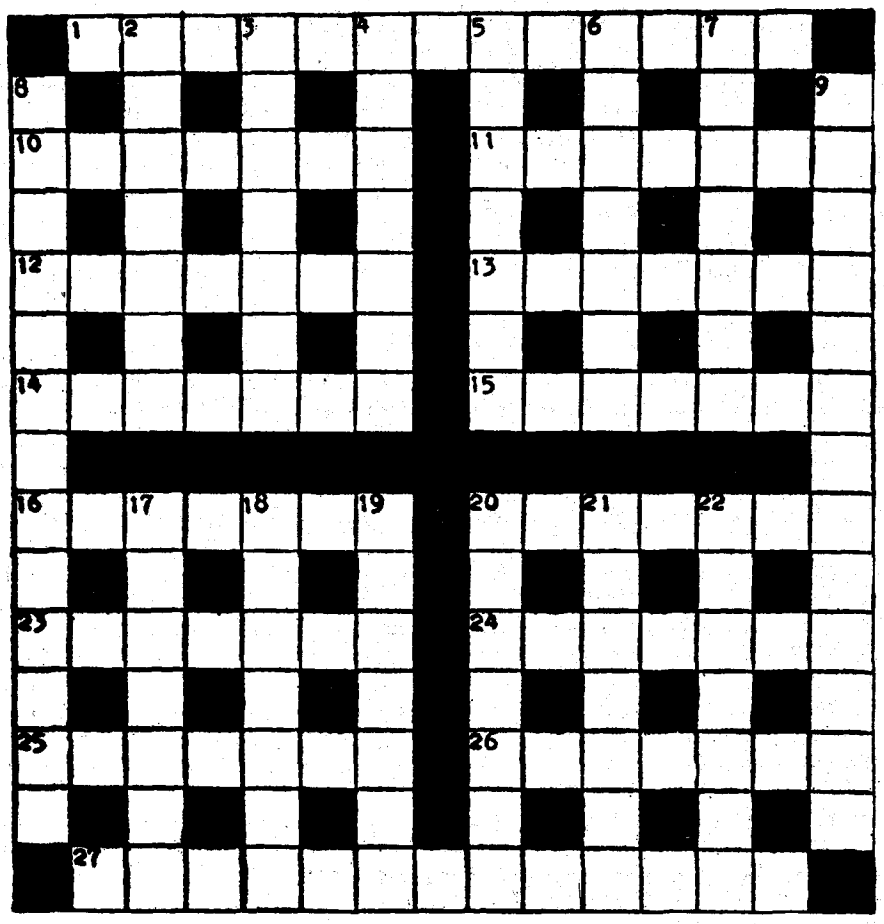
Crossword Puzzle No. 1612

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Hang on to a couple of bits to do this, and show no mercy. (4,2,7)
10 Put back the remainder with something from mine. (7)
11 In France he scatters coins about, to find some element of it. (7)
12 Hung around to find everything faded away around it. (7)
13 See 4 down
14 It makes a thing what it is. (7)
15 Point away behind, or in one direction? (7)
16 One's 13 might be, or just listened to unofficially. (7)
20 A mechanical instrument, with crude oil, a pan being required for extraction (7)
23 Making out in it might be expensive at some colleges. (7)
24 One arrangement of the tune let light in by it, perhaps, like the moon. (7)
25 Last? Well, last with not quite everything! (7)
26 Perhaps a home away from home, with something you might give milk and water there. (7)
27 Does it demand dual personality to be so upset? (6,7)

DOWN

2 Causes umbrage. (7)
3 If piled onto me, I get feeling badly. (7)
4 and 13 across What happens when the reporter misses a deadline might call for a reminder. (7,7)
5 Some New Yorkers might consider capital where a vertical two-way switch might be. (7)
6 Their husbands have gone, it's clear, without a present to exchange. (7)
7 Shut out. (7)
8 Lartius to Horatius, or perhaps East if one is West. (6,7)
9 You'll see it's no tune, as an arrangement is made in a flash. (13)
17 Fade away, like a breeze led astray around it. (7)
18 Place where a minor accident ends with an oil spill, perhaps. (7)
19 What's left after necessary deductions in a poor diet? One might eat there. (7)
20 One certainly has a large bill for food. (7)
21 Books of flowers? (7)
22 Nothing at breakfast, for example, might satisfy a scotsman like this. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1611

ACROSS: 1 and 5 Cloak and dagger; 10 Cathode; 11 Records; 12 Tweak; 13 Light year; 14 Igloo; 16 Salad oil; 19 Abandons; 24 Headwater; 26 Radii; 28 Krishna; 29 Ingrate; 30 Random; 31 Knitters. DOWN: 1 and 23 Cocktail shaker; 2 and 22 On the wagon; 3 Knock-down; 4 Needles; 6 Ascot; 7 Gardening; 8 Resort; 9 Frugal; 15 Librarian; 17 Downright; 18 Insiders; 20 Outlay; 21 Serbian; 25 Wahoo; 27 Drake.

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